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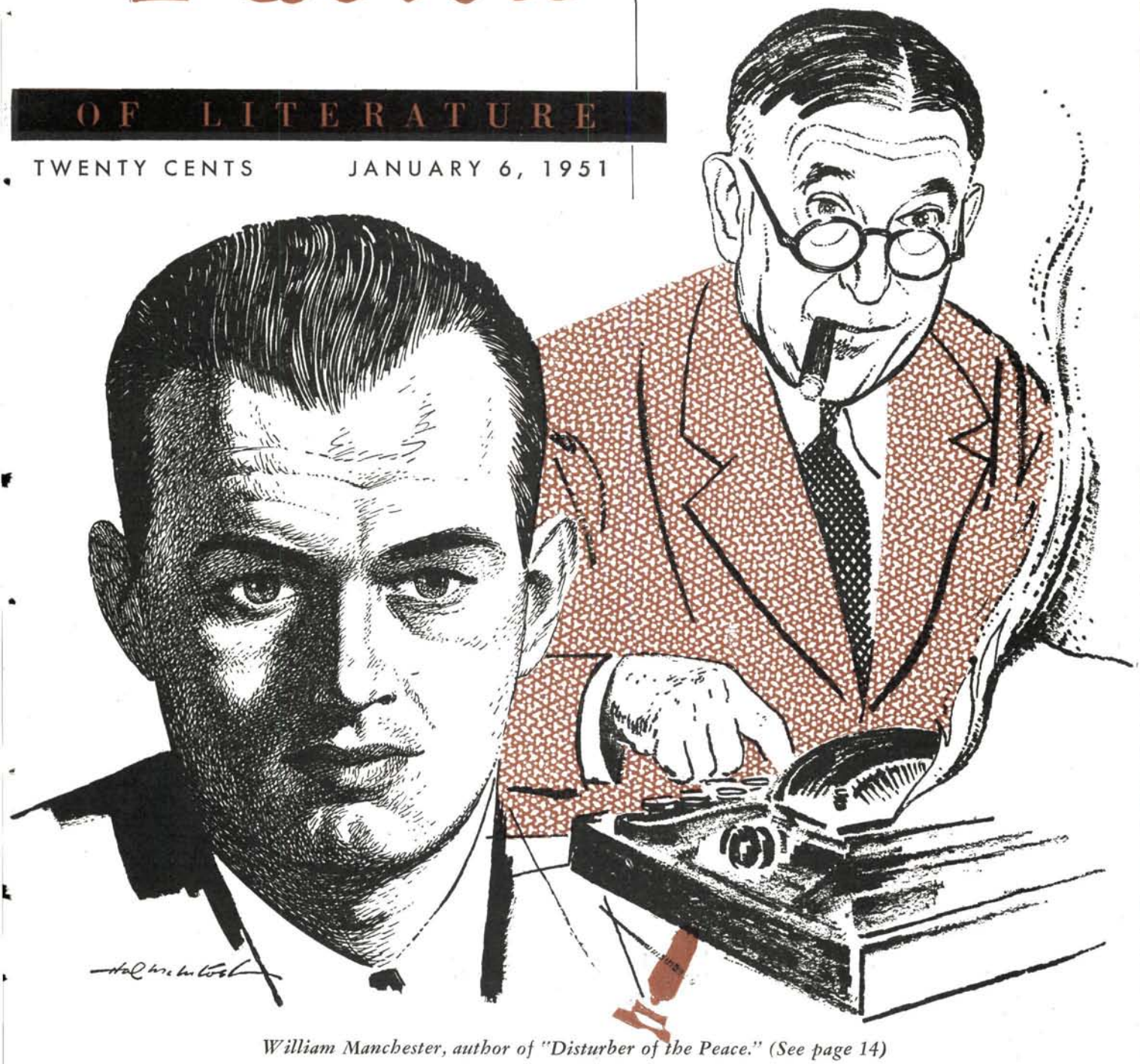

William Manchester, author of "Disturber of the Peace." (See page 14)

Even Good News Is News

Some Things That Were Lost in the Shuffle of Bad News

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Apr. 7th	ROUND-UP ON WRITERS' SUMMER CONFERENCES
Apr. 14th	SPRING BOOK NUMBER
May 12th	SPRING CHILDREN'S BOOK FEATURE
May 19th	ANNUAL POETRY ISSUE
June 16th	SRL's ANNUAL UNIVERSITY PRESS ISSUE
June 23rd	SRL's ANNUAL SUMMER PREVIEW
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Oct. 6th	FALL BOOK NUMBER
Nov. 10th	CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK SUPPLEMENT
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Dec. 1st	ANNUAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER
Dec. 8th	FOLLOW-UP CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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ART BOOKS	The Fine Arts (James Thrall Soby)	1st issue in the month
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January 6, 1951

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"A new and inexhaustible tongue"

We doubt if any playwright has ever captured the public and the critics in so short a time as Christopher Fry. A year ago he was virtually unknown in this country. America discovered him after he had enjoyed the unique distinction of four simultaneous hits in London. Overnight *The Lady's Not for Burning* became a national best seller. At present two Fry plays, *The Lady's Not for Burning* and *Ring Round the Moon* are playing to full houses on Broadway. This astounding success has one simple explanation: Christopher Fry is writing in "a new and inexhaustible tongue." *(N. Y. Times)* Fully to appreciate his genius read these plays by "one of the most exciting talents now writing in the English language." *(Atlantic Monthly)*

The Lady's Not for Burning

"The main joy is Fry's poetry which pours out as from some inexhaustible hogshead of invention . . . the language is dazzling."—*The New Yorker*. "To be fully relished, *The Lady* should perhaps be read before it is seen."
—JOHN MASON BROWN, *Saturday Review*. $2.50

Ring Round the Moon

Translated by CHRISTOPHER FRY *from the French of* JEAN ANOUILH

"Gay and enchanting . . . It is written in prose that sings and sparkles." —RICHARD WATTS, JR., *N. Y. Post*. "Beautifully done, with spirit, humor and loveliness."—BROOKS ATKINSON, *N. Y. Times*. $2.50

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"A smoothly cultured Duke . . . enters into a graceful and not too strenuous rivalry with his son. Over these delicate emotions Mr. Fry performs a breath-taking verbal dance."—*N. Y. Times*. "His sly, pawky humor informs every page, lending sparkle to his fancy and wit to his imagery."—*Saturday Review*. $2.50

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TRADE Winds

THE HOLIDAYS OVER, fickle publishers are wont to jettison all but the hardiest of the titles for which they were thumping so lustily only a few weeks previous, face resolutely forward, and shoot the works on their brand-new lists for "early spring" (bookmen's slang for January through March). Following are some of the

titles you will be hearing about in weeks just ahead. Some can't miss being popular, but I suspect that a couple of very dark horses may be the ones that ultimately will displace "Joy Street," "The Disenchanted," "Kon-Tiki," and "Across the River and Into the Trees." James Jones's war novel "From Here to Eternity," for example, is already stirring that undercurrent of anticipatory excitement in the trade that so often presages the emergence of a major new talent.

Would you like to test your own powers of clairvoyance? Jot down the fiction and non-fiction titles from the following array that you think will rank highest on the best-seller lists on, say, April 1, file your choices away, and see how close you've come to the actual results on the chosen date:

• Appleton - Century - Crofts: "We Barrymores," by Lionel Barrymore; "Love Junk," by Jean Perkins Harmon; "The Caravan Passes," by George Tabori.

• Bobbs-Merrill: "The Grand Portage," by Walter O'Meara; "Peyton Loftus," by William Styron.

• Coward-McCann: "The Faith of Mrs. Kelleen," by Katherine Mary Flannigan (subject of the 1947 Guild choice, "Mrs. Mike"); "God So Loved the World," by Elizabeth Goudge; "The Arms of Venus," by John Appleby.

• Creative Age: "Inyuk," by Roger Bulliard (a story of Eskimo adventure by a Catholic priest, with a foreword by Msgr. Fulton Sheen); "The Nice American," by Gerald Sykes.

• Crowell: "Harem Scar'em," by Rosemary Taylor (author of "Chicken Every Sunday"); "Time for Tapioca," by Charlotte Stryker; "Salad Days," by Bellamy Partridge.

• Crown: "Washington Confidential," by Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer; "Nature's Ways," a compendium illustrated by André Durenceau.

• John Day: "God's Men," by Pearl Buck (April 6); "The Story of the World," by Jawaharlal Nehru.

• Dial: "Terror in the Streets," by Howard Whitman; "The Man on the Couch" (a rib on psychoanalysis), by James Proctor.

• Doubleday: "The Loved and Envied," by Enid Bagnold; "Star Quality" (short stories), by Noel Coward; "A Mouse Is Born," by Anita Loos; "War in Korea," by Marguerite Higgins; "New York 22," by Ilka Chase; "The Cain Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.

• Duell, Sloan & Pearce: "The Deluge," by Ian Niall; "The Heart of Asia," by Roy Chapman Andrews.

• Dutton: "The Conqueror," by Jack Tebbel; "A Woman in Possession," by Hallie Burnett; "The Lusty Texans of Dallas," by John William Rogers; "How to Get It from the Government," by Stacy V. Jones.

• Farrar, Straus & Young: "The Watch," by Carlo Levi; "Finistere," by Fritz Peters; "Give Me Your Golden Hand," by Evelyn Eaton; "Wine of Violence," by Ralph Ingersoll.

• Greenberg: "A Treasury of Intimate Biography," by Louis Snyder; "The Book of Big Game Hunting," by Col. Harry Snyder.

• Harcourt, Brace: "The Witch Diggers," by Jessamyn West; "Neither

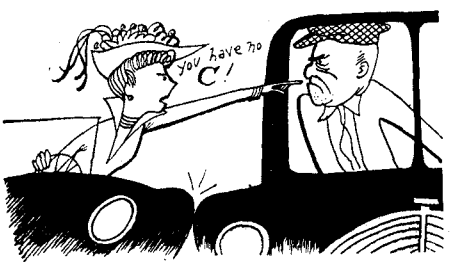
Five Nor Three," by Helen MacInnes; "The Pillar of Fire," by Dr. Karl Stern; "Old Herbaceous," by Reginald Arkell.

• Harper: "The Riddle of MacArthur: Japan, Korea, and the Far East," by John Gunther; "Rommel, the Desert Fox," by Desmond Young; "Festival," by J. B. Priestley; "You Can Start All Over," by Marjorie Hillis Roulston; "Patterns of Sexual Behavior," by Drs. C. S. Ford and F. A. Beach; "The Grotto," by Grace Zaring Stone.

• Hastings House: "As You Pass By: Old Manhattan Through the Fire Laddies' Eyes," by Kenneth Dunshee (with 600 pictures, 19 pages in full color); "Mexico: Laredo to Guadalajara," by Ernest Knee.

• Holt: "The Great Oak Tree," by Le Grand Cannon (author of "Look to the Mountain"); "Music Right and Left," by Virgil Thomson; "A Plan for Economic Survival," by Dr. Edwin G. Nourse.

• Houghton Mifflin: "Another Kind," by Anthony West; "Foxfire," by Anya



Seton; "The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener.

• Knopf: "Troubled Sleep," by Sartre; "See How They Run," by Dan Mankiewicz (son of Herman); "The Autobiography of Marriner Eccles"; "Judgment on Deltchev," by Eric Ambler (his first new book in ten years).

• Lippincott: "River of the Sun," by James Ullman; "Bears in the Caviar," by Charles W. Thayer.

• Little, Brown: "The Scarlet Sword," by H. E. Bates; "Morning Journey," by James Hilton; "The Eyes of Reason," by Stefan Heym; "The World Above," by Abraham Polonsky.

• Longmans, Green: "The Islanders," by Joseph Auslander and Audrey Wurdemann; "TV and Our Children," by Robert Lewis Shayon.

• Macmillan: "Jenkins' Ear," by W. and O. Shepard; "Quorum," by Phyllis Bentley; "The Age of Longing" (a novel), by Arthur Koestler.

• McGraw-Hill: "Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith; "Sing at My Wake," by Jo Sinclair (author of "The Wasteland"); "The Man with One Talent," by Josiah Greene; "Fire in the Water," by Peggy Simson Curry.

• Messner: "The Scandalous Mrs. Blackford," by Harnett Kane and Victor Le Clerc: "The Spur," by Ardyth Kennelly.

• Morrow: "Round the Bend," by Nevil Shute; "Such Darling Dodos,"

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by Angus Wilson; "Candlemas Bay," by Ruth Moore.

• New Directions: "Caprice, Vainglory, and Inclinations" (another Ronald Firbank omnibus); "The Novel in France," by Martin Turnell.

• Norton: "Policy for the West," by Barbara Ward; "The Maggie Murphy," by John Joseph Ryan; "Of Societies and Men," by Caryl P. Haskins.

• Oxford: "The Oxford Companion to the Theatre," edited by Phyllis Hartnoll; "The Sea Around Us," by Rachel Carson: "Orchestral Music: An Armchair Guide," by Lawrence Gilman.

• Pantheon Books: "The Slave Ship," by Bruno Werner; "A Swim Two Birds," by Flann O'Brien (an experimental novel in the tradition of "Finnegan's Wake"); "Follow Me Ever," by Charles E. Butler.

• Pellegrini & Cudahy: "The Place of the Lion," by Charles Williams; "Men of Other Planets," by Kenneth J. Hewer.

• Putnam: "A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor; "Fire on the Wind," by David Garth; "Salvation," by Sholem Asch (a revised translation of a novel first published here in 1934. The old translation included only 80 per cent of the text).

• Random House: "World So Wide," by Sinclair Lewis; "Sheep Rock," by George Stewart; "Candles for Therese," by I. A. R. Wylie; "The Form Divine," by Hildegarde Dolson.

• Rinehart: "Caroline Hicks," by Walter Karig (a novel about a business girl in Washington); "The Disappearance," by Philip Wylie; "My Patients Were Zulus," by James B. McCord; "The Vicious Circle," by Margaret Case Harriman (the story of the famous Algonquin round table, with illustrations by Al Hirschfeld).

• Henry Schuman: "Charlie Chaplin," by Theodore Huff; George Price's "Cold War."

• Scribner: "The Foundling," by Cardinal Spellman; "From Here to Eternity," by James Jones; "The Balance Wheel," by Taylor Caldwell; "Dominations and Powers," by George Santayana.

• Simon and Schuster: "Unpopular Essays," by Bertrand Russell; "Never Leave Well Enough Alone," by Raymond Loewy; "The Ordeal of Willie Brown," by Arthur Marx (son of Groucho); "The Tedlocks," by Stephen Longstreet.

• William Sloane: "Human Fertility: the Modern Dilemma," by Robert C. Cook; "Writing on Life," by Lincoln Barnett; "Stephen Hayne," by Albert Idell.

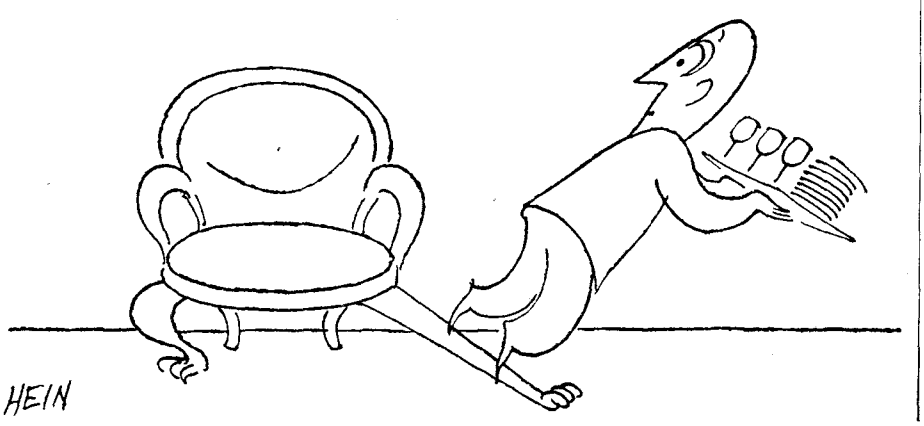
• Vanguard: "Man of the World: The Reminiscences of Donald Henderson Clarke"; "The Mechanical Bride," by Herbert M. McLuhan; "The Gates of Hell," by Calder Willingham (short stories by the author of "End as a Man").

• Viking: "Nightrunners of Bengal," by John Masters; "A Breath of Air," by Rumer Godden; "Operation Heartbreak," by Duff Cooper; "The Loyalty of Free Men," by Alan Barth (of the *Washington Post*).

• World: "The Chain and the Link," by David Miller; "Comanche," by David Appel.

BEST SELLERS remind me of the Book-of-the-Month Club, which in turn reminds me of an adventure of the BOMC prexy's much-admired wife Bernardinè. She was piloting her automobile through a maze of traffic when the driver of a spanking new taxicab sideswiped her. There was a grinding of brakes, a crumpling of fenders, and a loss of tempers. "Clumsy oaf," exclaimed Mrs. S., reaching for the man's license. "What's your name?" "Harry Scherman," the cabbie answered. "What's yours?" After the briefest hesitation she had to answer, "Mrs. Harry Scherman." Later I asked, "Didn't the discovery that you both were Schermans abate your wrath?" "Certainly not," declared Bernardine. "He was a reckless driver regardless of his name—and besides, I don't think he spelled it with a 'c'."

—Bennett Cerf.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

Even Good News Is News

Some Things That Were Lost in the Shuffle of Bad News

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The material appearing on the next few pages is not intended to suggest that the world we live in is calm and serene. Nor is it intended to obscure the fact that a vast destructive momentum is at work in the world today and that sanity has yet to find a way to stop it. But one of the hazards of bleak and bad news day after day is that the individual is pulled towards defeatism—not necessarily political defeatism but one far worse, a defeatism about human qualities and values that damages the confidence of men in themselves and in people in general. Even victory in war will be meaningless if the belief in the basic and natural goodness of man is destroyed.*

What follows, then, are a few reminders that there is still some capacity for progress and decency in America and elsewhere. Besides, we can't claim to be well-informed unless we know all the news, and not merely the bad news. The items were compiled by Joseph M. Grant, who has been assembling SRL's GOOD NEWS *for the past year, assisted for this issue by Edward J. Fitzgerald.*

▸ For the nation as a whole 1950 was probably the healthiest year to date. The death rate dropped to the lowest level on record, 9.6 deaths per thousand persons, a whole per cent lower than in 1949. Mortality from childhood diseases, birth, maternity, and tuberculosis was at all time lows. The infant death rate for the first time was below 30 per thousand live births, and maternal fatalities, at the rate of one for every 1,400, were 10 per cent below the 1949 rate. In the last five years the rate of maternal fatalities has been cut 60 per cent.

▸ In Des Moines, Iowa, unemployed Leo Lacher wanted to get his three-year-old daughter Linda a doll for Christmas but he had no money. On a sudden impulse he held up a shoe store, getting $88 from the cash register. Twenty minutes later he was back, his conscience troubling him. He returned the money, gave himself up to the police. But when he told his story the shoeshop owner refused to prosecute him. And when some Des Moines citizens heard about it they not only got Linda her doll but they gave Linda's father more than $200, and he had three job offers on the spot.

▸ Americans appeared to be taking more active interest in their Government. In the 1950 elections 40,727,648 went to the polls. This is a record number for a non-Presidential election, exceeding by more than three million the previous record set in 1938.

▸ A partial offset to rising prices was the sharp climb in the personal incomes of Americans through 1950. At the year's end the American people were getting a total personal income of well above 230 billion, on an annual rate basis. This is about twenty-four billion ahead of last year and more than two-and-one-half times the rate in the last prewar year, 1941.

▸ Though again in 1950 Congress failed to pass the Civil Rights program recommended to it by the President's Committee there were local and partial legislative advances in the field. With respect to the armed forces the Senate removed the segregation clause from its draft bill, and the Army abolished the quota for Negro enlistments. The Supreme Court ruled it unconstitutional for a Negro student to be forced to sit apart from other students or to attend a segregated school inferior to that of his white fellows. Other courts decided that Negroes cannot be segregated in trains, dining rooms, public swimming pools, and public golf courses. Scattered state legislatures also made some advances against discrimination in education, employment, and public housing provision.

▸ In December of 1949 nine-year-old Patricia Grover's mother wrote a letter to the Camden *Courier-Post* asking readers to send their "left-over" Christmas cards to her daughter. Patricia was a lonely shut-in suffering from chronic asthma. Readers responded with more than twenty-seven thousand cards and gifts. The best part of this story is that they didn't forget. For the Christmas just passed Patricia received even more cards and packages.

▸ One of the biggest educational campaigns ever undertaken by any government in Africa has begun on the Gold Coast in the British West African territory. The purpose of the cam-

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paign is to educate nearly four million Africans on the subject of the new constitution which is to come into effect after the general election scheduled for 1951. Nearly three thousand volunteers will cooperate with some hundred experts.

▸ Recent figures reveal that Americans are today giving more to charity than ever before. Apart from their tax contributions to the Marshall Plan and other European aid the average American family makes voluntary charitable contributions of close to $100 annually to a grand total of more than four billion dollars.

▸ More than fifteen thousand Guatemalan children have now been brought around the UNICEF "table," joining the millions of needy children throughout the world who get an extra meal each day from this UN agency.

▸ A recent sleeping sickness check-up given by a mobile health unit of the Ubangi Shari Public Health Service to 97 per cent of the population of Batangafo in Equatorial Africa, where incidence of the disease has in the past been the highest in the territory, showed that no new cases had developed among the thousands of persons given immunization injections the previous spring.

▸ A gift of books from parents of American war veterans to the Library of the University of Caen was made recently through facilities of UNESCO and CARE. This donation is the forty-second to France in the program to replenish the war-damaged libraries of Europe and Asia.

▸ Jobs were being found for our disabled at an increasingly high rate as the year neared its end. In November, latest month for which figures are available, the state employment services reported placing 32,544 handicapped persons in jobs. This compares with 21,171 placements a year earlier. In New York the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled expanded its program for rehabilitation and vocational training of the handicapped.

▸ A survey indicates that greater progress has been made in the last two years toward breaking down the system of educational segregation of Negroes in the Southern states than at any time since the Civil War. Many colleges and universities in states operating under the dual system of education—which provides that Negroes attend separate institutions—admitted Negro students this year for the first time in their histories. And the survey shows that almost without exception the students and the communities involved accepted this step without incident.

—*Unations.*

UN children celebrate the second birthday of the Declaration of Human Rights.

—*Brodnax Studio.*

The first Negro student at the University of Virginia, Gregory Hayes Swanson (center).

▸ Posting of billboard advertising is to be restricted in all French towns, such as Vézelay, Poitiers, and Orange, that are of an outstandingly "artistic, picturesque, or historical" character. Billboards are forbidden near important monuments and architectural ensembles.

▸ W. Somerset Maugham has appealed for private contributions to set up an academy near Paris where promising young writers would be given the same opportunities now offered elsewhere to musicians, painters, and sculptors. Mr. Maugham suggested that the academy give a dozen fellowships yearly to poets, novelists, short-story writers, and dramatists.

▸ Nine scholarships have been offered for Japanese students to study in Britain for one year by the British Council. Candidates will be postgraduates doing research work in any field. Included in the grant are maintenance allowance, tuition fees, and round-trip air or sea passage.

▸ Sixty-nine tubercular displaced persons and their families have been brought from Italy to new homes in Sweden on the second run of the In-

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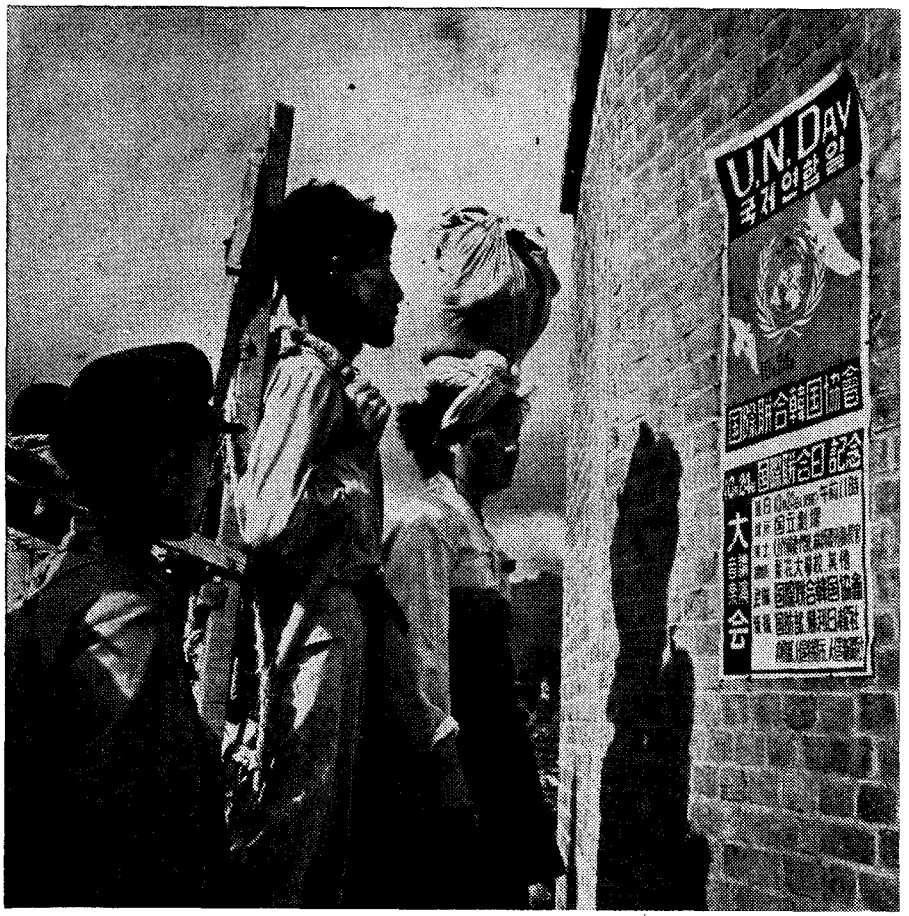

—*Unations.*

It's U.N. Day in any language; Koreans study posters in Seoul.

ternational Refugee Organization's special hospital train.

▸ The French language newspaper of Argentina, *France Journal*, will grant two scholarships every year to Argentine youths who have distinguished themselves in the study of French. The scholarships include traveling expenses to and from France and living expenses for a month.

▸ Through the generosity of American soldiers 1,100 Korean war orphans were saved from starvation and death and transported to a haven of safety from Communist aggression. A South Korean naval vesssel took the children from Inchon to an island where hundreds of thousands of Koreans have found shelter from the ravages of war.

▸ In India contributions to the Mahatma Gandhi Trust fund have poured in from rich and poor alike, and working committees set up throughout the country have planned hospitals, orphanages, maternity homes, rural health centers, and citizenship and craft training schools. A similar fund established in memory of Kasturba Gandhi, wife of the Mahatma, has made possible over two hundred rural educational and health centers and has trained over four hundred social workers and teachers since its inception six years ago.

▸ In Syracuse, New York, Mrs. Mary Sakowski, an eighteen-dollar-a-week cleaning woman, while mopping up in the bank one night recently found $40,000 lying on the floor. She put it in a paper bag with her shoes and carried it home. The next morning she called the bank's officers and told them to come and get it. They gratefully did. She doesn't think they should leave money lying around like that.

▸ Nearly half of this year's goal of Princeton University's annual Campus Fund Drive will be apportioned to the Princeton Summer Camp, which provides free outdoor summer vacations to 300 underprivileged city boys. Other organizations to benefit from the drive will be the Princeton Foundation, United Negro College Fund, World Student Service Fund, American Friends Service Committee, and the Student Christian Association.

▸ Iran has become the first country to abolish customs duties on certain important drugs and insecticides in order to make them available at low cost to the population. About one million Iranians have been protected against malaria as a result of a nationwide drive begun last March with the help of an advisory team sent by the World Health Organization.

▸ The number of Syrian students in primary and elementary schools has almost doubled in the past year. In 1946 the Syrian Ministry of Public Instruction received only 10 per cent of the budget, while in the coming three years it is estimated that 25 per cent of the budget will be allotted to education.

▸ The British Medical Association has laid down a "no color bar" rule for its annual conference to be held at Johannesburg next July. Dr. A. J. Orenstein, delegate from South Africa, said the association would not accept invitations to any function from which any of its members might be excluded on the grounds of race, color, or creed.

▸ Mrs. Amelia Griffiths of Pencoed, Wales, had hoarded a bottle of prewar Scotch for twelve years against a real emergency. That emergency arose the other day. A fourteen-year-old horse named Frank fell in a ditch near her house. He couldn't get out, and they were going to shoot him. Mrs. Griffiths took out her cherished bottle of Scotch. After one swallow Frank began to kick, and when he was halfway through the bottle he began to jump. When he was finished he jumped clear of the ditch and trotted off home.

▸ The Poll Tax appeared to be on the way out, though slowly. Tennessee dropped it as a requirement in its own primary elections, and South Carolina abolished it entirely. This leaves six poll-tax states remaining.

▸ "The New Frontier," a series of thirteen dramatic transcriptions dealing with the problems of Human Rights in the USA, is being offered free (on loan) to some one thousand radio stations throughout the country. Among the narrators and actors whose services the Institute for Democratic Education, the sponsor of the series, has enlisted are Ezra Stone, Tyrone Power, Quentin Reynolds, Edward R. Murrow, Faye Emerson, Walter Hampden, Cornel Wilde, Martha Scott, and Richard Widmark.

▸ A unique "Directory" service has been organized in the USA to enable amateur musicians to get together and play serious chamber music during their leisure hours. As members of the National Association of Amateur Chamber Music Players they receive a list including the names and addresses of all members, the instrument each plays, and how well he or she plays it. Thus an amateur musician

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traveling across the country with the directory in his pocket and a musical instrument under his arm can literally find fellow musicians wherever he goes.

▸ A traveling museum built with the intention of explaining simply the newest developments in science is touring Latin America. Its purpose is to take science out of the bewildering terminology of the laboratory and to bring it to the public, both adults and children. In the Peruvian capital it was visited by an average of 5,000 people a day.

▸ The Constitution of Indonesia has the rare distinction of containing two sections which incorporate many of the provisions of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights without a single alteration. It is the first case in which human rights provisions of a national constitution have been based upon the very wording of the Universal Declaration.

▸ Six French, Egyptian, and Belgian students, aged nineteen to twenty-six, have left Paris on a world tour that will last from fifteen to twenty months. These globe-trotters, of whom two are girls, expect to pay their expenses by giving lectures, playing the harmonica, putting on shows, and selling post cards. Their aim: to campaign for Esperanto and world citizenship.

▸ Thousands of European school children are learning English from textbooks originally intended for use in the USA. The story of the textbook migration began when the Kansas Board of Education decided to replace its English elementary readers in the state schools even though it had a stock of thousands of unused copies still on hand. The Kansas Commission for UNESCO stepped in and offered to ship the books to young students of English in Europe if the Board would donate them. The books were given, while Kansas school children and their parents donated more than two thousand dollars to pay shipping costs.

▸ As a result of international medical and sanitary measures promoted by the World Health Organization the Mecca Pilgrimage of 1950 was declared "free from infection" and thus cleared of the traditional danger of outbreaks of disease among the thronged pilgrims. Among the half million travelers to Mecca not one case of epidemic disease was ascertained.

▸ UNESCO is embarking on a twelve-year anti-illiteracy program which will cast a network of Fundamental Educational Training Centers over the world. The twenty-million-dollar drive against illiteracy and low living standards calls for the establishment of regional centers in Equatorial Africa, Latin America, the Far East, India, and the Middle East. Some fifty-four hundred specialists are to be trained at these schools and then go back to their countries in teams to establish national or local training centers. This scheme, to be financed by private and government funds outside UNESCO's regular budget, will be submitted to the Organization's General Conference for final adoption next summer.

—*Unations.*

Milk for Guatemala—"fifteen thousand children around the UNICEF table."

▸ An interracial, international exhibit of children's original drawings and paintings was held recently in Washington, D. C. Children from twenty-three countries and the USA engaged in an exchange of pictures by themselves and about themselves. "Art for World Friendship" is one of the activities of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom to promote goodwill and understanding throughout the world.

▸ A Franco-Brazilian medical center was inaugurated last summer at Coye-la-Foret in France. Established with funds collected in Brazil this center will treat children who have been stricken with polio or were crippled during the war.

▸ Ultrasonic sound—noise caused by sonic waves above the range of audibility—has been put to many uses, including washing clothes, removing soot from flue gases, cleaning cotton waste, killing bacteria, and aging beer and spirits. Several British firms have recently developed ultrasonic instruments for testing metals to detect flaws.

▸ A new method to control pain after operations by administering novocaine through small plastic tubes was recently announced by the George Washington University Hospital. Surgeons reported that the new method, cutting down on use of morphine, permits patients to get up earlier after operations without discomfort.

▸ Cyrus H. Johnston of Richmond, Missouri, has just been issued a patent by the Government on a device to silence the noises that come from the open-mouth sleeper. The anti-snoring device can be made to fit the "different anatomical proportions" of different users.

▸ A twenty-three-year sky-mapping project involving 500,000 measure-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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—*European.*

WINSTON CHURCHILL, "greatest living person," and JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, runner-up, "towering [personality] in the Far East."

The Hour and the Men

SRL Reader Poll on the Greatest Living Persons

THE SECOND half of the twentieth century starts its "rendezvous with destiny" on a note not of peaceful promise but of worldwide crisis. It is a crisis which has dramatized the need for greatness.

The current *SRL* poll concerns itself with greatness in our time.

In the first of an annual poll to be conducted on this theme among the magazine's subscribers, Winston Churchill was voted the "greatest living person in the world," far ahead of all other world political figures.

Among the non-political world figures, Albert Schweitzer, eminent doctor-philosopher-musician who has devoted most of his life to missionary work among the natives of Africa, was at the head of the *SRL* balloting.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, president of Columbia University and newly appointed Supreme Allied Commander for Europe, was voted the "greatest living American."

The *SRL* poll, completed *before* General Eisenhower's appointment to command the united armies of Western Europe, automatically divided its candidates for greatness into two basic categories: political and non-political.

Jawaharlal Nehru, first Prime Minister of an independent India and one of the towering personalities in the Far East, was second to Churchill in the category of world leaders.

Following Eisenhower in popularity among *SRL* readers on the list of great American public figures were Elder Statesman Baruch and General George Marshall, Secretary of Defense and World War II Chief of Staff.

Outside the area of political power and public affairs two transcendent men of the mind and spirit were voted "greatest in the world" by *SRL* readers. Next to Albert Schweitzer was Albert Einstein. The discoverer of the theory of relativity and constant contributor to scientific progress also led the non-political field in the balloting for "greatest living American."

On the world scene the other leading non-political figures mentioned in the poll included Bertrand Russell, the British philosopher-mathematician and current Nobel Prize winner for literature, and Ralph Bunche, professor at Harvard University, who won the 1950 Nobel Peace Prize for his achievements in the Arab-Israel settlement in the Near East.

Besides Churchill and Nehru, the leading world political personalities named by *SRL*'s readers included the U.N.'s Trygve Lie and Stalin, master of Communist Russia.

In nominating Stalin many readers defined greatness as the "greatest force for good or evil in the world today" or the "man who can do most to influence international action." The mood in which votes were cast in the poll for Stalin, in sharp contrast to the unanimous triumphs he achieves at the polls in Russia, was expressed by a prominent New York advertising executive, Samuel Youngheart:

"On the basis of results achieved, I must give the accolade, most regretfully and with head bowed, to Stalin."

Respondents to the poll were deliberately left free by *SRL*'s editors to make their own definition of greatness so that an insight would be gained into those values by which people measure this rare quality.

Arthur Krock, chief of the Washington bureau of *The New York Times*, gave an eloquent definition of his own. He wrote, "Great to me means someone whose eminence is established by possession of the noble human qualities as well as power, direct or indirect."

Analysis of the voting showed that most of the readers sought some combination of nobility of spirit and pos-

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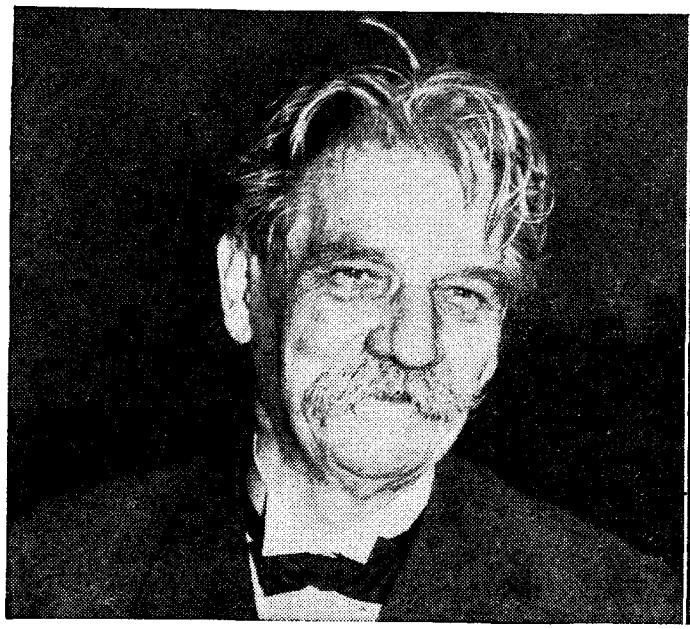
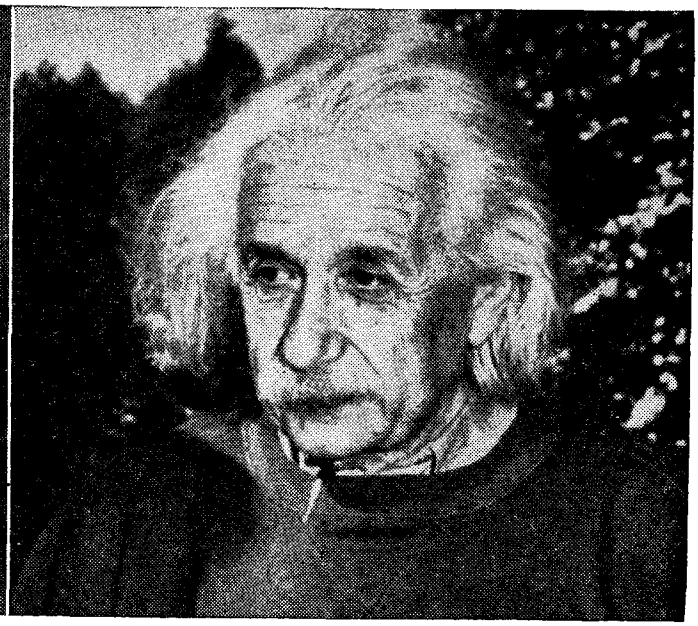


—*Wide World.*



—*European.*

ALBERT SCHWEITZER and ALBERT EINSTEIN, two greatest in the non-political world—"transcendent men of the mind and spirit."

session of power in making their choices, although there were cases in which one or the other of these indispensable ingredients was lacking.

In the United States the outstanding political personalities named included—besides Eisenhower, Baruch, and General Marshall—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, General Douglas MacArthur, and Robert Taft.

The non-political figures who received the most votes as the "greatest living Americans" were Einstein, Bunche, John Dewey, Columbia University's distinguished teacher and philosopher, and poet Robert Frost.

On the distaff side Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt dominated the polling, being named both the "greatest living American woman" and the "greatest woman in the world."

Those who followed her in the voting for this country's greatest woman were Anna Rosenberg, recently named Assistant Secretary of Defense, Margaret Chase Smith, U. S. Senator from Maine, Helen Keller, who triumphed over the loss of sight, speech, and hearing, and Marian Anderson, the Negro soprano. Mrs. Roosevelt commanded wide support, including that of a reader who wrote, "I nominate Mrs. Roosevelt for her constant working for better understanding between people. I do not always agree with her but she is doing great work."

SRL readers named Madame Pandit, sister of Nehru and India's Ambassador to the U.S., as their second choice for the "greatest woman in the world." There were also many votes for that anonymous woman known as "mother."

Throughout the balloting the respondents frequently qualified their answers with a tone of humility about their right to designate any individual as greatest. Elmer Davis, radio commentator, probably expressed this sense of humbleness best, while casting a moving vote for Everyman:

"Who during the reign of Tiberius would have said that a carpenter from Nazareth was the greatest man in the world?

"Maybe the greatest man in the world is Joe Blotz—who does his job, pays his taxes, tries not to chisel on his fellow citizens, makes an honest endeavor to find out what it is all about, and in spite of a few years' service in the late war is willing to be called up again if that is where he is needed."—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

—*Manny Warman.*

—*European.*

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, "greatest living American," and ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, "greatest woman in the world."

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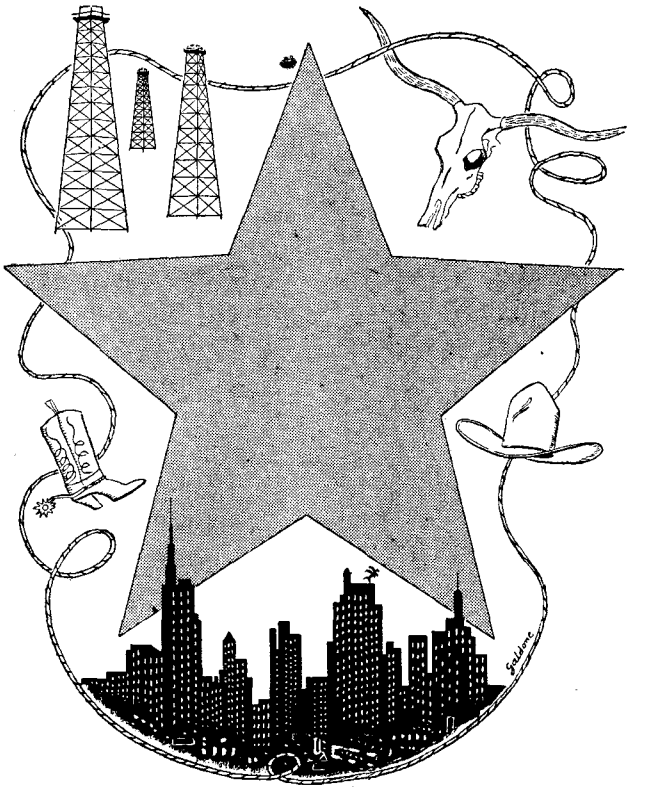
Dallas and the World of Books

JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS



—Illustrations from "The Lusty Texans of Dallas."

THE LATE W. E. Woodward, the amusing and talented historian and biographer, used to regale friends with an unforgettable imitation of his father's conduct in the presence of a book. The elder Woodward was by temperament a hunter and frontiersman whose whole life had been spent out of doors. What was in a book—any book—was so remote from him as to be suspect. Suggesting that a volume which lay on a table had caught the old man's attention, the son acted out in pantomime what ensued. Woodward père began by staring half furtively at the book, then he turned quickly to make sure no one was watching him. Reassured, his eyes once more came back to the volume, and he began to stalk it as if it were some animal. With a sudden movement as if to grab it before the critter struck back he pounced upon the cover and cautiously looked inside. For a few moments he scanned a random page, then he flung the book shut like the snapping of a trap and retired to a safe distance, all the while watching the volume lest before he was completely clear of it the thing should break out in unexpected retaliation.

The senior Woodward was a Southerner from the Carolina-Georgia border, but his attitude toward a book had in it an approach that was respectable along the whole American frontier. If now and then there was an Abraham Lincoln who walked miles to borrow a book and read it by the flickering beams of a log fire, Lincoln was the exception in this as well as other things. For the majority of American pioneers association with books was so slight that they lived their lives almost completely without them—at least without any consciousness of the part books had played in their destiny.

When one takes these facts into consideration it appears a natural, perhaps a wholesome, approach. The vital quality of the frontiersmen's lives expressed itself in another way. However important books may be to the scheme of man, there are moments in history when a too insistent preoccupation with books can be a threat to existence itself. As the Southwest developed on the American frontier, books played a very second fiddle to the call of outdoors and the exigencies of obtaining food and shelter. But this was a temporary pattern of life, born of the nature of the moment.

Intellectual curiosity did exist on the edge of the wilderness and with it a realization that nowhere as in books could this curiosity be satisfied. Even with the difficulty of transporting them a few books were brought along by the settlers. A lawyer who turned up in Dallas when the Texas community still counted fewer than thirty souls (less than half a dozen years after John Neeley Bryan had built the first cabin on the banks of the Trinity River in 1841) brought his law library along in his saddle-bags. There were other men for whom books were as necessary as food, and fortunately for the development of the region individuals of every stripe (including true intellectuals) made up the westward movement of homeseekers. Aggressiveness was a quality by which the pioneer peculiarly prospered, and once the physical world in which he lived began to take shape the same initiative began to be felt in the world of ideas. Between the horseman arriving with his law library in his saddle-bags and the phenomenal consumption of books which is now characteristic of the Southwest—with Dallas as the chief center to supply this need—lay almost a century. But it is a century in which can be traced by clear stages the gradual reassertion in the minds of a people that books are an essential part of living well.

THE axiom that readers follow good bookstores instead of creating them is well illustrated by Dallas. Today the town is recognized as one of the leading cities in the purchase of books in the United States and as having among its numerous creditable bookshops several that are outstanding in America. The phenomenal development of Dallas as a book center began in the Thirties with the years of the Great Depression, when apparently its citizens turned to books as they never had before. The shops so quickly responded to this interest and so stimulated it by making an exciting selection of books available that book-buying became a local habit which has grown until today prodigious quantities of books are in demand.

Before the Depression Dallas was just one more American city with bookstores where the stocks were exceedingly sketchy and usually supple-

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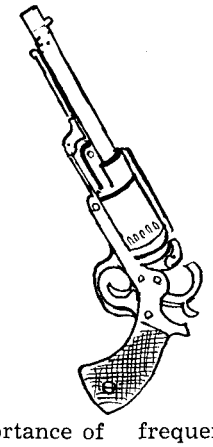
mented by a variety of merchandise, and where the owners expected to gain a major part of their income from schoolbooks. One of the earliest places where readers were likely to find a representative selection of new volumes was Sanger Brothers, which still continues to supply a large portion of the "department store bookbuyers" not only in Dallas but throughout North Texas, and its patronage in recent years has been notably increased by the capable management of Wanda Holt and then Hazel Zeiss. The Baptist and Presbyterian churches both maintain important bookshops for their denominations; the stock also includes a wide selection of contemporary trade books.

Back in the Twenties Edna Smith established the first impressive lending-library in the community, an institution which she continued as one of the services of A. Harris & Company. The Arcadia Bookshop reflects the development of oil as a major industry in the Southwest by making a specialty of books on geology and petroleum, while collectors of rare volumes and limited editions throughout the range of literature find a visit to the Aldredge Book Store an adventure which is likely to turn up rare and extraordinary items for them. Stock is spaciously scattered through a whole house. Sawnie Aldredge, its owner, is a bookseller because he is a book lover, and he possesses a knowledge of the world of rare books which makes him a delight to the discriminating collector—whether from West Texas, London, or New York.

Elizabeth Ann McMurray, who came down from Oklahoma just out of school in 1936 and eventually scraped together enough capital to open McMurray's Personal Bookshop across from the Adolphus Hotel, has become recognized in the intervening years as one of the half-dozen most brilliant book women in America. Her shop, which seems bursting at the shelves with an interesting selection of books as well as the passing best seller, through the force of her personality has become a natural meeting place of interesting people both of the town and those passing through. One finds the proprietor, surrounded by a number of able assistants, not only a mine of intelligent information, about books, but filled with a gusto for life in general and for what is happening in the world of arts and letters in Dallas in particular. She was one of the major reasons for Dallas's vastly successful book fair held in 1945. It is in character that she lets Margo Jones's theatre-in-the-round have space for its downtown box office in spite of her crowded quarters. Vastly attractive and vital as a person, she has made a conspicuous success of her business and her judgment is so valued in the publishing world that a word from her has been known to have inspired a new edition of a book.

Two long blocks above McMurray's Personal Bookshop is the Cokesbury Bookstore—which for a number of years has been selling more books than any other retail bookshop in America, a fact that proves perennially disturbing to visitors from New York, Boston, and Chicago, but which in spite of their habitual skepticism can be demonstrated by figures. Already a strikingly beautiful bookstore, in the fall of 1949 the Cokesbury was enlarged until its quarters extended completely through the block from Main to Commerce, spreading out over more than 11,000 feet of floor space. With its splendid furnishings and superb modern lighting it is unquestionably one of the most impressive bookstores in the world, not only because of its stream-lined elegance, but also for its pleasing intellectual atmosphere, which has the quality of a well-ordered mind. The thousands of books in its stock are so expertly organized on the shelves and counters, made freely accessible by broad aisles, that the oppressive sense of clutter and confusion which is so often felt in a large bookstore is completely absent.

This extraordinary bookstore has come into full flower in recent years under what amounts to the real genius of its manager, J. F. Albright, but its background can be traced over the decades from the frontier and the saddle-bags of the first circuit-riding preachers, for it is a project of the Methodist Church. While the first duty of these men of God as conceived by the Church was to give the consolation of religion, like many other great sects the Methodists realized the importance of schools and setting them up and the value of books.



Their ambulant preachers would carry a few volumes with them on horseback so that the book-starved pioneers could browse through and, if they wished, buy for their home. These first saddle-bag libraries were largely religious books dealing with the Methodist way of life, but it is to the lasting credit of the church that very soon its officials charged with the dissemination of books realized they could serve best by making available books on all subjects which conformed to standards of good taste, and it is upon the policy of handling any books which meet the standards of good taste that Cokesbury has made its place.

The Dallas store is one of a number of bookstores established over the country by the Methodist Church, but these stores are not chains in the usual sense. They do not combine in their buying power to bring pressure to bear, and there is no effort to blanket the country with certain books. Indeed, each store has been so encouraged to formulate its own policies, consistent with helping the community where it is located, that the Dallas store is unique. Like the others it is strictly a business institution run along sound business lines, but the spirit of the old circuit rider is still present. For instance, it has long made a habit of donating books generously to any worthy cause, and today as for many years past any new institution in the region for which books are an essential feature can request a gift.

ALSO the noticeable development of interest in Texas authors has come about in no small part through the consistent efforts of this bookstore to promote them. Long before the country at large realized there were any Texas authors of importance, and certainly before their books could be handled with any idea of making profits, Cokesbury considered it part of its obligation to place all possible emphasis upon them. And it is perhaps as a direct result of this unselfish pioneering that Manager Albright reports more people are interested in becoming writers in Dallas than in any other U.S. city of its size.

This store, which has become an institution for the whole region, was founded in Dallas in 1899. Originally it was called by the names of the two officials in charge, and, as by the policy of the church, officials were changed every few years the frequent name changes led to confusion. Under the management of Lovick Pierce the store was given the permanent name "The Cokesbury Bookstore"—created from the names of two early bishops of the church who were champions of book distribution, Bishop Coke and Bishop Asbury.

In a sense Cokesbury is non-profit, since all profits go to the support of superannuated ministers and to the enlargement of service in the book field, but it is carried on exactly like any other business.

On the wall of J. F. Albright's outer office hangs a quotation from Clarence Day which has been carefully hand-lettered and framed. It is not there

(*Continued on page* 41)

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Personal History. *It is a curious truism of American journalism that the influence an editor exerts on his generation seldom is in direct proportion to the circulation of his publication. Margaret Fuller's* Dial, *C. E. Norton's* North American Review, *and W. L. Garrison's* Liberator *never had more than a few thousand buyers. No magazine editor of the Twenties stamped his personality more indelibly upon his time than H. L. Mencken, whose* American Mercury*'s print order was never large. Mencken's managing editor, Charles Angoff, assesses his former boss and the literature about him in reviewing William Manchester's "Disturber of the Peace" (see below). In the same wise, William Allen White's* Emporia Gazette *was a local newspaper, but its editor was a national figure. Henry Beetle Hough writes of the joys and sorrows of an obscure yet influential country editor in "Once More the Thunderer," reviewed on page 16.*

H. L. Mencken—Joyous Iconoclast

DISTURBER OF THE PEACE: The Life of H. L. Mencken. By William Manchester. New York: Harper & Bros. 336 pp. $3.75.

By Charles Angoff

IT HASN'T often happened in the history of American literature that a living author has occasioned so many works, in the smaller and in the larger form, about himself as has H. L. Mencken. In this regard he belongs to a select company. A half-dozen books have already been written about him, about as many masters' theses, and scores of articles. William Manchester's book is the latest in the list of full-length discussions. It is the longest so far and it is probably the most fully documented. It has more about Mencken's forbears, more about his parents (especially about his mother), more about his newspaper days than any of its predecessors. And the discussions of Mencken's career on *The Smart Set* and *The American Mercury* are done in greater detail than anywhere else. Finally, Mr. Manchester's remarks about at least two of Mr. Mencken's books, "Notes on Democracy" and "The Making of a President," display a refreshing critical independence.

While valuable, the book is not without its shortcomings. The writing is so Menckenian in style that it is sometimes embarrassing; carbon-copy Menckenese is not easy to take. On the *Smart Set* Mencken and George Jean Nathan, it seems, "guarded their meager funds as a nun guards her chastity," and "the fifty dollars a week they theoretically got for their editing often remained *non est*." Mr. Manchester goes so far in his imitation that he sometimes apes Mencken's occasional lapses into bad taste. He says of William Jennings Bryan's death: "A politician to the last, he had died on a Sunday, thus assuring a great play in the Monday papers. . . ."

More serious is Mr. Manchester's lack of a sense of critical proportion about his subject. In places he gushes almost like the proverbial schoolgirl. One example: "His stupendous gift for invective had now reached heights so incredible, so breath-taking, so awe-inspiring, so terrible, that in its indictment of the national culture it wrung monthly gasps from sixty thousand readers and porcupined the hair of intellectuals, Army officers, bond salesmen."

Yet in the canon of the books about Mencken, Mr. Manchester's can quite well hold its own. While it has deficiencies, it has less than the others. Dr. Isaac Goldberg's massive work "The Man Mencken" is so uncritical and filled with so much of his own boyish philosophizing as to be of little value. Benjamin De Casseres's "Mencken and Shaw," besides being written in roundhouse prose, is generally a hymn of praise of Mencken as against Shaw. Ernest Boyd's "H. L. Mencken" merits mention for its worldly outlook and penetrating insights. Unfortunately it stops roughly with the establishment of *The American Mercury*; which is to say it deals only with about half of Mencken's career, for it was while on the *Mercury* that Mencken achieved his widest general appeal and most serious critical reception. "The Irreverent Mr. Mencken," by Edgar Kemler (published in the spring of

THE AUTHOR: When a professor at Amherst's Massachusetts State College some years ago suddenly launched into vituperation about "a man named Mencken" William Manchester decided one capable of inspiring such wrath must be worth reading. He sought out Mencken material at once in the college library. The fascination followed him into the Marine Corps and he read Mencken wherever he could. Wounded on Okinawa, hospitalized five months, finally discharged, he went to work as police reporter for the *Daily Oklahoman* in Oklahoma City. But within a year the Mencken-magnet was pulling—and he was off to the University of Missouri's graduate school to be near the only complete file of the old *Smart Set* in the Kansas City library. He soon had questions only Mencken could answer and he wrote to him, an invitation to Baltimore forthcoming. When Mencken had read the graduate thesis that summer he gave official permission for the biography and suggested as well a berth on the Baltimore *Evening Sun*. There Manchester's reportorial range has included a campaign for better mental hospitals and the recent successful battle to defeat the anti-vivisectionists who would have kept Johns Hopkins and the U. of Maryland medical schools from using stray dogs in experiments. Meanwhile intensive interviews with Mencken, his friends, and his enemies went on. Once they covered a fire together—a church whose architecture Mencken had always abhorred. Their evident satisfaction almost landed them in jail as suspected arsonists. At twenty-eight Manchester has a seasoned biographer's creed. "My interest in Mencken is that of a biographer—not of a moralist, psychiatrist, or sociologist. The relationship at its best is unique. It is completely non-judgmental; it is as preposterous for a biographer to be offended by his subject as for a scientist to be indignant with bacteria under his microscope. Generally I approved of this extraordinary man; occasionally I was outraged by him. But I am always sympathetic with the *man* behind the *behavior*." —K. S.

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1950) is in some ways better than Manchester's since it is more objective and reveals more mature critical resources and a firmer understanding of the general period. Mr. Kemler, however, does not succeed wholly in getting on paper the full flavor of Mencken's personality.

Perhaps the chief value of Mr. Manchester's book lies in the fact that it will help right the balance in the recent views of Mencken. The general current of critical opinion has not been too favorable to him. Some have even maintained that future historians will probably allot to him no more than a longish footnote. If that turns out to be the case, it will be all the worse for the literary historians.

Not that Mencken is the Dr. Johnson or Dean Swift or Bernard Shaw of America, as Mr. Manchester seems to imply and as some commentators and critics assured us in the Twenties. Mencken belongs on a less exalted plane. His deficiencies as a literary figure are many and in some respects even more serious than his severest critics have yet noted. But it is also clear that his contributions to American literary and general cultural history are substantial. His period of glory as an editor was brief (on the *Mercury* it lasted less than five years), but in that time he achieved nothing less than a revolution in periodical journalism. He democratized it. Though he professed to despise the "booboisie" he was really very deeply attracted by them and was happy when associating with them and reading about them. Horse-thieves, bums, ladies of the evening, circus clowns, prisoners, waiters, East Side mothers, Chamber of Commerce bores, prostitutes, Elks, Eagles—he got them all into the pages of the *Mercury*.

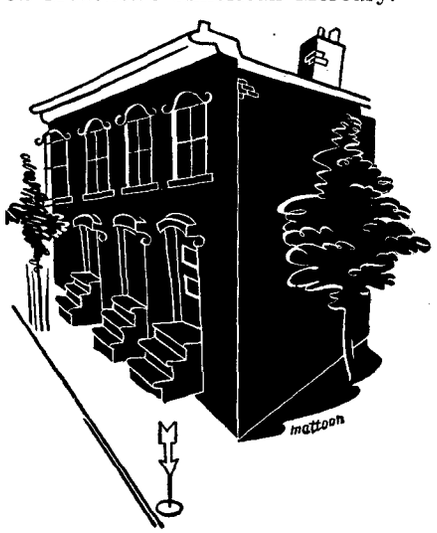
It was probably Mencken, more than any other single editor of a national magazine appealing to a superior audience, who made it decent to discuss religious and political leaders (and also religion and politics) with park-bench realism. He tore away the virtual immunity that had hitherto protected these folk—especially the men of the cloth. It is true that he thus opened the door to mere gossip and adjective-slinging; it is true that some of his own political writings were uninformed and angry; but it is also true that he made it easier for Frank Kent to write his magnificent piece on President Coolidge in the *Mercury* and for Elmer Davis later to write his memorable article on the late Bishop Manning in *Harper's*.

The New Yorker profiles of the not-so-well-known are justly famous, but few people seem to realize that the *Mercury* preceded *The New Yorker* in the publication of such articles. Mencken found enormous amusement in, so to speak, second-drawer men and women, and it was largely in the portrayal of them that Henry Pringle and Stanley Walker and Herbert Asbury first made their mark. And who else was it if not Mencken who brought medicine and architecture and music and psychology and chemistry and biology to the attention of readers of the better magazines—not as news items but as intelligent, authoritative reports and discussions?

The Unapproachables who edited the ancient and respectable periodicals of Boston and New York did not trouble themselves publicly and vigorously to oppose the censors. But Mencken went to enormous trouble to do so. He did something historic in the celebrated case of Dreiser's "The Genius," and he did something of almost equal importance in the "Hatrack" case, as Mr. Manchester indicates. In both these cases Mencken dramatized the issue of artistic freedom from molestation by self-appointed policemen of public morals, and the victories he won, though partial, merit grateful remembrance.

Finally, he brought a salubrious excitement and a generosity of spirit to American literary life which it had probably not experienced since the days of Walt Whitman, and which in all truth it has not experienced again since Mencken, to his own misfortune, gave up writing about what he used to call "beautiful letters" and began to write about politics. What other literary man in the past thirty years has made the discussion of books so interesting? Who else made them so worth fighting over? What other man has given so freely of his time and encouragement to budding novelists and essayists and historians—yes, and even to poets, whom he publicly condemned as immature boys and girls, but whom he secretly admired?

Charles Angoff was managing editor on Mencken's American Mercury.



Homer Didn't Tell Lies

HENRY GROSS AND HIS DOWSING ROD. By Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday & Co. 310 pp. $3.

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

I AM a poor man to review this book. I believe in everything Kenneth Roberts writes; I am, as I discovered years ago, a poet; and I am also, as I discovered just the other day, an amateur dowser. Yet with these handicaps on objectivity here goes for an honest opinion of a vivid book on water-locating, which has been in the militant making for some years now just to the southwestward of me in and around Arundel—or, as the shortsighted natives call it, Kennebunkport.

All my life long I have grown heartily sick of the thesis of the reliability of the so-called exact sciences and its corollary, the unreliability of folklore; I regard folklore as the one unchanging truth in a mutable world. Since I was in college the physicists and astronomers have flatly reversed themselves on the size, shape, and nature of the universe and have thrown Euclid out of the window with never a word of being sorry for astronomy's earlier mistakes. Three hurricanes not predicted by exquisite laboratory instruments have ripped the shingles off my barn. Yet radio weather reports, so exquisitely unreliable that we lost a great weapon against the German submarines by suppressing them during the war, go blatantly on and are trusted. As a poet I have had to fight for the right to trust more in my fishermen friends—living barometers and thermometers and anemometers evolved by man's coming home alive from three centuries of gales—rather than in laboratory forecasts of weather; I have had to fight for my thesis that Homer doesn't tell us such lies as astrophysicists and that ancient books that come from folk experience are still truthful, whereas all textbooks of science go out of date every decade.

So it warms my heart to see Kenneth Roberts catch Dr. Vannevar Bush believing in such crackpot hokum as that all eels originate in the Sargasso Sea when any Maine barefoot boy could tell him differently and show him millions of eels born in brooks and ponds here in Maine. But such catching of scientists out in inferior and dead measurements by instrument will do no quick good. It will take years before the scientist will believe in Kenneth Roberts's proposition that his friend Henry Gross can and does locate water with a rod. It

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will take as long as it took Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood to be accepted by scientists three centuries ago—say fifty years.

Any number of natural water-finders have been operating these many centuries finding water for men, as Roberts proves; but laboratory men go on smiling at the idea of human beings as scientific instruments. Duke University goes on playing asinine games with cards to try to find if there is any such thing as thought transference when literature has proved it by many thousands of instances hundreds of years since.

Apparently Kenneth Roberts in his long militant crusade against non-human historians and bigoted scientists has in Henry Gross—who dowsed Bermuda at 800 miles' distance, locating three springs that could easily revolutionize that paradise's daily economy—come upon something very important indeed, something that amounts to a proof that poetry, folklore, and human sensitivity are infallible where scientific instruments are often wrong and that the warm, marvelous instrument of a live man knocks all laboratory techniques for a loop as exact measuring rods of reality. Thirsty deer and men have been finding water by instinct for hundreds of thousands of years where scientists would curl up and die of thirst. But science goes on shouting witchcraft and hokum.

But Henry Gross, thanks to the writer who has stood up for honesty in historical writing for over two decades, is incorporated now. He and his water-finding have got themselves into idiomatic English that crackles. The crusade is on to incorporate dowsing as the serious profession it has been. And even more vital to me as a poet, the cause of folklore as the basis of the science of living has been vastly advanced by this fine book.

Although the poet Robert P. Tristram Coffin has wandered away for brief periods from his native Brunswick, Maine, he is living there now, where he is a professor of English.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 875)

WILL SHAKESPEARE:
THE TEMPEST

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't. . . .

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!
O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

A Linotype's a Greedy Thing

ONCE MORE THE THUNDERER. By Henry Beetle Hough. New York: Ives Washburn. 316 *pp.* $3.50.

By FRANK WATERS

THIRTY years ago a man on Martha's Vineyard intrepidly grabbed a bull by the tail. He is still dauntlessly hanging on to it and wondering how to let go. The bull is the *Vineyard Gazette*, the famous weekly newspaper of Edgartown, Massachusetts; and the man is its editor, Henry Beetle Hough, whose "Country Editor" of a decade ago was a best seller. "How to resign the duties of a country editor . . . to have an idea of the end as well as of the beginning" —this is the theme of the present book.

In these thirty years the old weekly has expanded from five to seven columns, from eight to fourteen pages, and from a press run of 600 copies to 5,000. Its reputation is made. But a pot on the linotype machine is still likely to squirt hot metal. Friday press-times still impose a pressure of worry and activity. Births and deaths, fires and floods must still be reported. And the Houghs are still "constrained to order spaghetti and meat balls at eighty-five cents" instead of the special steak at $2.50. "Apparently there is no way to taper off as there is in some worldly occupations. It is all or nothing until the end."

This, we suspect, is the simple secret of Mr. Hough's success with the *Gazette* and the charm of "Once More the Thunderer." Never once has he rolled down his sleeves, become pompous, or lost touch with life.

The book is a superb collection of vignettes and a masterpiece of simple, homely reporting. Through it troops a parade of small-town characters: the Vanilla Queen, Joe Two-Tail, Buddy Uke, Old Tom, the midget Adam Sisters, and Dr. Maple. Advertisements come in featuring "News from Heaven," and next week "News from Hell." Miss Banks, the spinster poetess, puts sex in its place with an amazing *tour de force*. Summer cub reporters find nothing important enough to write about—until "time and experience accomplish with the young reporter what it always does accomplish with the human mind." Exciting and commonplace, tragic and comic, one anecdote follows another. And with the divine New England assurance of an everlasting destiny the *Gazette* itself persuades thirty-seven citizens to deposit $10 each in a special savings fund that by the year 2219 will have increased to $37,000,000 for the benefit of the community.

This is New England down to the tang of salt-water spray, the taste of apple pan-dowdy, and the creeping aromatic dusk. It is also the nostalgic record of any small American town as seen through the eyes of those who have loved it and served it best—the so-called "country doctor," the "country editor," the small-town professional who is satisfied with the Blue-Plate Special rather than the De Luxe Platter and with the warm intimacy of community life rather than the brittle reward of a metropolitan career.

To this reviewer sitting behind the ancient, roll-top editorial desk of another small weekly newspaper high in the Sangre de Cristo mountains of northern New Mexico, Mr. Hough's book is pertinent indeed. He makes us feel there is little difference between the 100-year-old *Gazette* of far-off Edgartown and the 115-year-old *El Crepusculo* of Taos. The *Gazette* accepts no patent-medicine ads, seldom runs a three-column head, is averse to reporting world news, exercises strong restraint in its editorials, and is satisfied to come out with as little as 30 per cent advertising matter. *El Crepusculo* is bilingual, English and Spanish, features news from two Indian Pueblos, and in accordance with local tradition never refuses to back blithely a losing political campaign. All these, as Mr. Hough encourages us to believe, are but surface differences. Their terms of appeal are the same.

It is for this common denominator

(*Continued on page* 35)

Length Was the Shadow

By Mae Winkler Goodman

HERS was a sense of distance
we did not understand:
length was the oak's blue shadow,
sky was the reach of hand.

Nor did time have precision:
if larkspur had to wait
because the bees were overdue
she reckoned it was late.

Now estimate is futile;
she needs no rule or chime
to gauge the earth above her,
or mark the crawling time.

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The Road to Global Dementia

THE HELL BOMB. By William L. Laurence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 198 pp. $2.75.

ATOMIC ENERGY AND THE HYDROGEN BOMB. By Gerald Wendt. New York: Medill McBride Co. 192 pp. $2.75.

By David Bradley

FIFTEEN months ago I was in Vienna at the invitation of Austria's dean of physicists, Dr. Hans Thirring. One of the first questions the amiable professor asked was:

"Well, how goes the work on the hydrogen bomb?"

"I don't know," I answered. "It is never mentioned."

"Never mentioned? But why?"

"It is our latest secret weapon."

This he enjoyed immensely.

"But, my friend," he went on, "it is no secret. Every scientist knows it. Is the sunshine a secret? The moment you made a uranium bomb the hydrogen bomb became merely an engineering problem—a question of a few months only."

Dr. Thirring then gave me a little book entitled "The History of the Atom Bomb," which he had published in 1946. The last chapters are devoted to a discussion of the "superatom-bomb." Because of the American secrecy regulations, the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* had not been permitted to review it until early 1950.

Our secrecy program had succeeded only in keeping Americans—"the best informed people in the world"—in the dark for four unprofitable years. When the information was finally released a year ago (as a supposed checkmate to the Russian plutonium bomb) the opportunity for intelligent thinking and calm decision on the subject had long since passed.

It is pleasant to be able to welcome two such distinguished men as Dr. Gerald Wendt and William L. Laurence, authors of "Atomic Energy and the Hydrogen Bomb" and "The Hell Bomb," to the "New Cult of Doom." Dr. Wendt was formerly dean of the School of Chemistry and Physics at Pennsylvania State College, and has ample resources of scientific experience on which to base his book. William Laurence is science reporter for *The New York Times*. Atomic energy has been his baby since 1945 when the United States Government handed it to him on the scorched sands of Alamogordo and on the silvery B-29 over Nagasaki.

Both men will, I know, protest their initiation into the Cult of Doom. But that has been the inevitable reaction to all who have tried—for motives identical with their own—to place "the facts" before a public which rightly finds the facts to be rather unpleasant.

> Is it possible [Dr. Wendt begins] to make a bomb a hundred times as powerful as the uranium-bomb—or a thousand times?
> Yes . . . this is possible.
> Is it possible . . .
> that anyone wants such a bomb?
> that it will be used for mass destruction?
> that America's enemies can make them too?
> that this country can be attacked with them?
> that this can happen within a few years?
> that this can happen to us?
> *The answer is yes!*

Dr. Wendt's book is really packed with astounding data about the sun and its energy, about atomic reactions, about atomic-powered submarines, planes, rockets, radiological warfare, "death sands," and other matters of some concern. His understanding of the peaceful potential of atomic development is exceeded only by his graceful presentation and by his optimism. It is with a sense of exhilaration (and relief) that we can escape with him in his atomic rocket from the earth of 1950, to return in the year 2000, when, he declares, "it is probable that no fantasy can equal the realities of the twenty-first century."

The best of Mr. Laurence's book is contained in the first eighty-seven pages—a discussion of the probable characteristics of the H-Bomb. Though burdened with kilograms and microseconds, degrees, tons, and atmospheres it is written in a clear, forthright style. The last half of the book is a compilation of opinions on the moral and military aspects of atomic weapons; to round out the subject a "Primer of Atomic Energy" and a discussion of international control has been added.

This latter section may appeal to many. It reinforces without serious questioning three popular ideas: that the source of all our trouble is the Kremlin. (Dr. Wendt better understands the intimate relation between starvation and revolution); that we in the United States are nearly invulnerable; that Soviet science is greatly overrated—which many scientists consider to be dangerous wishful thinking.

One must be cautious in accepting Mr. Laurence's mathematics. He says, for example, to prove point three above: "It took our two billion dollar atomic plants about six months to produce three A-Bombs." He therefore deduces (with no evidence from Russia whatever) that "at this rate she [Russia] would have about eighteen [bombs] by 1952."

One might say the same about chickens. It takes a chick about six months to produce her first egg. But who would conclude on the day following that momentous event that chickens can produce only about two eggs per year?

Dr. Wendt talks much of sunshine. Mr. Laurence speaks with equal authority of lunar phenomena. He suggests that the idea that a superbomb is not feasible is "sheer moonshine," and that "all this talk about blowing up the earth" is more of the same. His points are well taken; no responsible scientist I know has seriously suggested either. But Mr. Laurence does believe that many scientists have been guilty of exaggerated claims—"utterances that only serve to create fear and hysteria."

It has become fashionable to take this patronizing air toward those courageous and outspoken scientists whose faith in an informed public opinion has survived even this reign of terror. Like Mr. Lilienthal he rebukes this "New Cult of Doom," although it is to these selfsame experts to whom he must turn for his "facts." Instinctively Mr. Laurence would agree with the secrecy policy which has kept Americans uninformed on the H-Bomb for the past four years. It is interesting to note that in trying to allay the "fear and hysteria" Mr. Laurence should choose as his title "The Hell Bomb."

A more understanding point of view is expressed by Dr. Wendt. Referring to these same scientists he says that they did not so speak "in order to frighten everybody to death, but to stress two points: that nuclear war-

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fare can be far more terrible than people yet realize; and that something must be done to put an end to it."

What that *something* is most of us don't clearly know. Many of us hope that peace under law, made and administered by a world government, will come in our time. Mr. Laurence protests that those who believe in "One World or None" have been playing fast and loose with a pernicious doctrine which they themselves knew "to be unattainable." (Included in this group must come not only the atomic scientists, but such "starry-eyed idealists" as Mr. Churchill, Mr. Nehru, Mr. Stimson, Mr. Nansen, and many others.)

Some of us hoped that a start might be made through the international control of atomic energy, to which Dr. Wendt refers as "a major hope for the strengthening of the world organization." Mr. Laurence agrees that it was "one of the noblest ideals conceived by man," but considers any such control plan to be "wholly impractical" because of the lack of good faith on the part of Russia's leaders.

One does not necessarily become an advocate of the Kremlin by pointing out several singular errors in his thesis:

1. That a lack of faith is not characteristic of the Kremlin alone, since by his own admission we would not now accept the Baruch Plan even if Russia did.

2. That the Baruch Plan was predicated upon the mistaken assumption of a prolonged period of U. S. monopoly of atomic energy.

3. That the Baruch Plan, which he lauds, was indeed a notable attempt to establish a limited world government—the very "One World or None" which scientists were supposed to know to be "unattainable."

4. That Mr. Truman, in his United Nations speech, frankly and courageously admitted that we were probably wrong in attempting to control one weapon of war, and accepted the Soviet position that disarmament of all weapons should be simultaneously considered.

The Baruch Plan, limited as it was, and presented as it was, has been the major diplomatic disaster of our times. No better evidence of this need be offered than the fact that even Mr. Baruch himself did not believe in the Baruch Plan.

On August 2, 1946 (less than two months after his stirring convocation of the Atomic Energy Commission of the United Nations) Mr. Baruch wrote Representative John M. Vorys of Ohio:

> You are so right about the matter of disarmament. I have been trying

(*Continued on page* 33)

The Near East.

Rarely does a single season see the publication of a group of books that treat a troubled corner of the world as comprehensively and competently as do the quartet of books on the Republic of Israel reviewed here. J. C. Hurewitz's "The Struggle for Palestine" is an historian's account of the background from 1936 to 1948, thorough, accurate, judicious. Kenneth W. Bilby's "New Star in the East" is a reporter's story of the Palestine War that followed the founding of the republic in 1948, careful, honest, colorful. Thomas Sugrue's "Watch for the Morning" and Ralph McGill's "Israel Revisited" are the graphic, warmly human accounts of recent visits by two able newspapermen. Since the future of Israel rests to a large degree on the Arabs, Roderic D. Matthews's and Matta Akrawi's "Education in the Arab Countries of the Near East" is a cogent work of scholarship.

An Advance Post for Mankind

WATCH FOR THE MORNING. By Thomas Sugrue. New York: Harper & Bros. 304 pp. $3.50.

By Hal Lehrman

"I HAD come to Israel," says Thomas Sugrue in his closing pages, "to discover whether the new State was an historical accident, a Balkan country on the wrong side of the Mediterranean, or whether it was an event in the spiritual life of humanity, a new pattern of society." After five months of indomitable questioning, listening, and looking—an achievement doubly monumental for a "roving correspondent" imprisoned in a hard wheelchair by arthritis—Mr. Sugrue emerges with the heart-warming conviction that Israel and her people are magnificent, "an advance post in the efforts of mankind to break through to a higher sphere of life." The judgment is probably accurate. There is much evidence from other sources to support it. The pity is that "Watch for the Morning" despite its nobility of purpose falls short of convincing the reader.

—*Harry B. Rauth.*

Thomas Sugrue—"unqualified panegyric."

The book contains many fine passages and bright insights. Its flashback on Israel's first electoral campaign —during which "leftists, rightists, middle - of - the - roaders, orthodox religious, orthodox capitalists, orthodox liberals, Sephardim, Yemenites, Arabs, religious women, and women welfare workers presented theories, reasons, and emotions all leading to the inevitable conclusion that each was peculiarly right and the others particularly wrong"—has the richness of a well-edited documentary film in color. The planetary babel of Israel is caught delightfully in a word-snapshot of the conversationalists on any café terrace, where they "sip French coffee, Turkish coffee, Russian tea in tall glasses with lemon, English tea in thick mugs with milk, and talk in whatever language is common and comfortable. . . ."

The immensity of the Israeli victory over the Arabs is imparted in a few paragraphs about a former Foreign Legionnaire assigned by Haganah to organize Jerusalem's defense—100,000 people from twenty-three countries—without guns, uniforms, money, or officers. Sugrue has a taste for sharp definition: Palestine—"a hard, small difficult country which was as short of peace as it was of water." He can crush with a lightly rolling phrase; of the fiasco of international diplomacy he writes: "United Nations observers, like the emperors, caliphs, and kings who came before them,

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have entered [Jerusalem's] gates and gone out through them again, leaving her still unravished." A Catholic himself, he can be devastating about certain other Catholics who are annoyed and "confused" by the sudden eruption of an independent Israel in the Holy Land: "In 33 A.D. the Jews had made a cosmic mistake, and from that time forward their place as a chosen people was forfeited; if now they seemed to have won back a portion of God's favor it could only be an illusion, a device of the devil which was temporarily triumphant."

With all these skills why doesn't "Watch for the Morning" quite come off? For two reasons, I think: impediment of form, which stitches history together from a thousand patches of individual action; and excess of zeal for Israel, an admiration which overflows into unqualified—and unpersuasive—panegyric.

The form was used imaginatively in "The Wall" and even better as nonfiction by John Hersey in his report on Hiroshima, where the alien Japanese dead were restored to sympathetic life and the entire epic of a globe-shaking change in the world was recited through the mouths of a humble few. Sugrue has been unable here to get the same clarity and drama. The history in his narrative of the building of Palestine and the battle for Israel is cluttered by the small detail of its participants, and most of what is vibrant in their own individual stories is obscured by the heavy catalogue of external events. He talked to so many people, he recalls, that his notes had to be indexed and cross-indexed before use. The rewriting tried to retain too much. The result is a profusion of characters without characterization, names without body, and a long chronicle with little inner movement or climax.

Moreover, loving the ancient land and its new people so intensely, Sugrue writes of them with such vast tenderness that in the end he almost does them a disservice. Nothing mortal can be as serene and exalted as he makes the Israelis seem. No life can be the idyl that he ascribes to Israel's brave new communal society, no heroism so unmitigated as the valor of his Israeli fighters and non-combatants alike. Greater justice might have been rendered to Israel and the friends of Israel here if this record, by mixing the frailties of the State with its virtues, had been brought closer to earth — and thereby made more credible.

Hal Lehrman, author and lecturer, has written extensively on Israel and the Middle East for Commentary *and other publications.*

End of British Rule in the Arab East

THE STRUGGLE FOR PALESTINE. By J. C. Hurewitz. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 404 pp. $6.

By Paul L. Hanna

THE AMERICAN public's interest in Palestine appears today to be concentrated on the growth of the young Jewish state in Israel, the future of Jerusalem, and the fate of the Arab refugees. The story of the British mandate, even of its termination, is sometimes dismissed as of no practical concern. Yet the problems and issues of today are conditioned in large measure by the circumstances which surrounded the dissolution of the mandate, and the need for a comprehensive, well documented, and judicious account of the closing years of the British regime has been felt in attempts to evaluate the present situation in Palestine and even in the Middle East as a whole. J. C. Hurewitz's book meets this need.

Dr. Hurewitz is thoroughly familiar with his material. From 1937 to 1940 he was a student in Palestine at the Hebrew University and came to know the country, the people, and the languages. During World War II he served as Palestine expert with the American Office of Strategic Services and later held a similar post with the State Department. Few of the available documents have escaped his scrutiny and he has read widely in the secondary works. He has drawn with particular effectiveness upon British, American, Hebrew, and Arabic newspapers and periodicals both for facts and for evidence of national and group attitudes and opinions.

"The Struggle for Palestine" deals primarily with the period from the Arab revolt in 1936 to the surrender of the mandate by Great Britain in 1948 and centers its major attention upon events in Palestine itself. It provides, however, adequate background material for readers not intimately acquainted with Zionism, Arab nationalism, British policy in the Middle East in the 1920's and 1930's, and the early history of the mandate. Moreover, it presents the triangular Arab-Jewish-British conflict during the last twelve years of the Palestine mandate in its vital setting of world events—the rise of Axis power and prestige, the wartime diplomacy of the great powers, the involvement of the United States in the affairs of the Middle East, and the development and intensification of Soviet-Western friction.

The story of the struggle for possession of Palestine is necessarily complex. The conflict involved social, economic, religious, and psychological, as well as political, divergencies and rivalries. It was fought on many fronts—in Palestine, in the Arab lands, in the capitals of Europe and America, before the League of Nations, and in the United Nations; and with many weapons—propaganda, diplomacy, economic penetration, boycott, terrorism, and war. Its participants changed their tactics as expediency dictated.

Yet there were certain constants in the situation, and these Dr. Hurewitz emphasizes in a successful effort to give continuity and clarity to his study. The Arab nationalist leaders were undeviating in their demand for independent Arab rule in all of Palestine. The Zionists strove constantly to secure a viable national home in Palestine to which all Jews who so desired might freely come. The London Governments were committed to the maintenance of British authority and prestige in the Middle East and until late in 1947 to retaining for strategic purposes some measure of control in Palestine. Recognition of the irreconcilable nature of these fixed objectives makes understandable the author's conclusion that during the period covered by his work "there never was a time when the Palestine problem could have been solved without the use of force."

The student of Zionism, of Palestine, or of the Arab East will find "The Struggle for Palestine" a valuable addition to the literature of his field. He may indeed regret that the publisher chose to collect the notes and citations at the end of the text. The general reader however, undisturbed by such minor irritations, can join the scholar in welcoming Dr. Hurewitz's happy combination of trustworthy information, valid interpretation, and readable narrative.

Paul L. Hanna, professor of history at the University of Florida, is author of "British Policy in Palestine."

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Voice from Atlanta

ISRAEL REVISITED. By Ralph McGill. Atlanta: Tupper & Love. 116 *pp.* $2.

By Alfred Werner

WHEN copies of this book went out to reviewers the state of Israel was having its worst political and economic crisis since the little Republic's foundation in May 1948. Thus it is of no small comfort to read this travelogue, more Zionist than any campaign speech could be and bound to inspire with new hope and confidence those who are easily discouraged. Ralph McGill, a Southern Presbyterian on the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*, visited the British mandate of Palestine in 1946 and the Republic of Israel early in 1950. His book is based on articles he wrote both for his paper and for the Overseas News Agency during both visits.

There exist a dozen or more reports on Israel, and naturally the author of this book cannot offer any startling revelations. It is the author's warmhearted, humble approach to the theme, his humanity that make this unassuming work a necessity for any Middle East bookshelf. The spirit of self-sacrifice which Mr. McGill had encountered in 1946 he found undiminished four years later. In addition the Jewish population had doubled, chiefly through mass immigration, and had struck even deeper roots into the soil. McGill, who grew up thinking of Jews only as shopkeepers and white-collar workers, is startled time and again by the fact that in Israel even the lowliest type of work, like sweeping floors, is done by Jews. In the United States he had known a newspaper copy-boy; he met him again at Israel's northernmost village Metullah, on the Syrian border, where the youngster proudly showed off his large flock of sheep. "I'll bet some of my friends in Atlanta get a kick out of hearing I am a sheepherder," Hershel remarked to the editor.

McGill saw whatever there was to be seen in this tiny country one-eighth the size of Georgia. He was fascinated by Tel Aviv's Viennese cafés, the frontier-town air (without painted ladies and gambling joints) of ancient Beer-Sheba, the excellent appearance of the Israeli Army, and the needy population's readiness to welcome more immigrants. He is not blind to certain sore spots—such as the sordidness of the immigrants' camps, the fanaticism of some religious extremists, and the jealousies between groups from different lands—but he definitely absolves Israel of the charge of having been unfair to the Arabs. In 1948 it was the Arab leaders who persuaded or forced their countrymen to run away: "The tragedy of the Arab is his leadership, which has exploited him as pitilessly as if he were a slave."

This Georgia editor, who had seen farmers in our South break their backs over poor, eroded land, felt immediate sympathy with the farm communities in the rocky hills of Israel. Pessimists and cynics who have written Israel off their books as a freak and a failure should listen to this unbiased voice from Atlanta: "I came away feeling stronger, younger, and surer about the stern verities and the dignity of man," McGill exclaimed on his return to the States. "To create it [Israel] bricks were made without straw, and men and women made it a dream worth dying for. I cannot help but believe they will make it something worth living for."

Alfred Werner, associate editor of The Chicago Jewish Forum, *recently returned from a long visit to Israel.*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 394

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 394 *will be found in the next issue.*

KNOW MY DEAR IT

CMYNEPRYWGT QOPMYNRY

MP FSEHGMXODT.

.... DMDRSE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 393

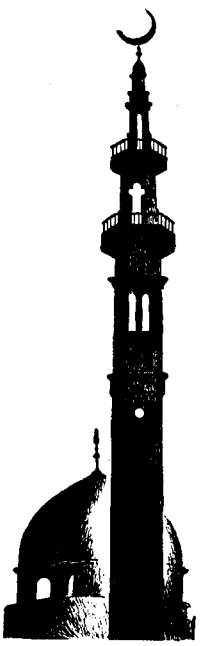
I hold that place among men which snubnosed brunettes with meeting eyebrows do among women. —J. Keats.

A Reporter Analyzes

NEW STAR IN THE NEAR EAST. By Kenneth W. Bilby. New York: Doubleday & Co. 279 *pp.* $3.50.

By J. C. Hurewitz

AFTER the many partisan books on Palestine and Israel in recent years, it is most refreshing to read a first-hand account of the birth and infancy of Israel, the attendant war, and the early months of the armistice written without emotionalism. Kenneth Bilby is a friend of Zionism and has great sympathy and admiration for Israel and its people. Of this there is never any doubt. Yet he has succeeded in balancing the good and the bad in the fledgling state, its strength and its weakness, its vibrance and creative genius as against its swagger and extreme self-interest.



—From "New Star in the Near East."

As *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent in Israel during 1948-49 Bilby could have taken the easy way out by covering only one side of the many-faceted story. This is what most reporters in Israel and the neighboring states were doing. It obviated all personal difficulties — and, at times, dangers—of crossing battle and armistice lines. Instead, the author chose the hard way.

He performed his duties as any good journalist should, endeavoring at every point, with an open and searching mind, to check with all sides the accuracy of the information he was receiving. Honest reporting gained him entree to the top echelon of officialdom in Israel and the Arab lands and won the confidence of Premier Ben-Gurion, King Abdullah, and Glubb Pasha. He also interviewed Jewish immigrants and Arab refugees in their respective camps as well as diplomats and businessmen. Little of importance escaped his notice, not even the intense partisanship of U. S. diplomats in the Near Eastern states.

The analysis of the Palestine War is masterly. Dismissed as apocryphal are the rival claims that the Jews won with their bare hands and that the Arab invasion armies were on the verge of total victory at the time of the first United Nations truce. Israel triumphed because of the toughness and determination of its soldiers and their ability to improvise; its acquisition by airlift, chiefly from Czechoslovakia, of essential military equipment; its calculated risks on the field of battle, and its superb intelligence

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services. In all these respects the Arab armies were in short supply. Though recognizing their defeat, the Arabs were not reconciled to it and, with the memory of the Crusades, they live "in vengeful ferment." On the world stage the Palestine War was nothing more than a localized action. Still "the raw military material that abounds in Israel today is as good on the individual basis as that anywhere else in the world."

Equally hard-headed is the appraisal of Israel's politics, economics, immigration policy, attitudes toward the big powers, and relations with the Arab states. Thus, for instance, Western parliamentary democracy was found firmly rooted in Israel. Even though the Government disliked Communism with a fervor, the Communist Party was allowed to function freely. There was no evidence of official discrimination against the Christian minority. The supreme desire of Israel was to be accepted by the world community, yet the Government often flouted U. N. decisions. And the author characterizes as "specious and deceitful" the Government's efforts to cloak its policy of extreme self-interest "in grandiose terms of new morality."

Israel, in Bilby's view, must abandon its mystical devotion to the principle of unfettered Jewish immigration and gear the inflow of new settlers to economic and political realities. Otherwise the state is flirting with bankruptcy and is discouraging vitally needed foreign investments. So, too, must Israel take a more constructive attitude toward the complex Arab refugee question.

The book has obvious limitations. It lacks historical perspective. Thus there is no appreciation of the extent to which the quarter-century of experience under the mandate made possible the smooth transition from quasi-Governmental autonomy to full Jewish sovereignty in May 1948, even in the face of a war for survival. Incomplete knowledge of the background sometimes leads to factual errors, as in the description of the structure of the World Zionist Organization. There is also haziness about the United Nations, as in the mistaken identification of the mediator and his successor with the Truce Commission.

These drawbacks notwithstanding, Bilby has given us an example of reflective and analytical reporting at its best.

J. C. Hurewitz is lecturer in government at the School of International Affairs, Columbia University. His own book "The Struggle for Palestine" is reviewed on page 19 of this issue.

Learning in Asia Minor

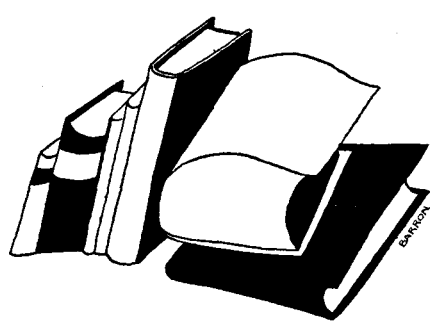
EDUCATION IN ARAB COUNTRIES OF THE NEAR EAST. By Roderic D. Matthews and Matta Akrawi. Washington: American Council on Education. 584 pp. $6.

By R. Bayley Winder

THIS is a unique book, an attempt to describe education in the Arab countries. The educational relations between East and West in modern times are older and have been more intimate and more fruitful than have those of politics or economics. An accounting is, therefore, overdue, and the authors have filled a sizable gap in our knowledge of this increasingly important area.

The American Council of Education, which undertook this report for the Department of State, was fortunate in securing Dr. Matthews, now professor of education at the University of Pennsylvania, who previously taught in Egypt, and Dr. Akrawi, director general of higher education in Iraq, graduate of Columbia's Teacher's College, to conduct the study. The two authors, who spent about a year in the Arab countries and visited all types of schools, form a happy combination of Arabic and American backgrounds.

Education in Egypt, Iraq, Palestine (including the Hebrew system), Transjordan, Syria, and Lebanon is described. The omission of Saudi Arabia and Yemen is not explained, though a possible inference from the preface is that authorities in these countries withheld approval. The treatment of each country is centered on organization and administration of the educational system, primary education, secondary and vocational education, education of teachers, higher education, and private and foreign schools. The treatment is comprehensive. Curriculums, physical plants, fees and finances, pupils, and teachers of all types of schools are described. The only detected omission of any importance is the College of Muslim Law in Bagdad—analogous to al-Azhar University in Cairo, the chapter on which, incidentally, is especially well handled. Physically attractive, the book includes a good selection of photographs and many charts and tables, all of which a layman can comprehend.



Since the survey was conducted in 1945-46, changes which have taken place invalidate some of the information presented. Most important is the division of Palestine, which vitiates one part of the book except for historical purposes. The Arab refugees are now getting almost no education. Further, the many dollar equivalents are no longer accurate because of devalued currencies.

One wishes that the authors had included an introductory chapter, for one is immediately immersed in the intricacies of educational organization in Egypt. The first part of the final chapter, "Interpretation," would have served this end well. The second part of the chapter, which constitutes a well-reasoned summary, including welcome criticism of the overly centralized public-school systems, is genuinely interpretative.

Because the study was initiated outside the countries involved, the authors have studiously avoided, though luckily they can not always restrain themselves, evaluation and comparison of the separate systems studied. The result is a flat style which sometimes borders on the college-catalogue level. However, since they are prisoners of their subject matter and since it is the matter which interests us, so be it. On the more technical side there are some inconsistencies, as the intrusion of *Muhammadan* instead of the more frequent and preferable *Muslim*, but they are few. More serious in a book whose value is largely in content is the fact that the indexing is spotty. There are, for instance, at least eleven references in the text to Latin but no entry for it in the index.

The situation revealed by this report is both encouraging and discouraging—encouraging because of the very substantial progress that has been made since World War I, particularly in the education of women, and discouraging because of the realization of what still must be accomplished. The almost total lack of provision for tribal education, a field which really offers an opportunity for creative experimentation, is also on the deficit side.

This impressive volume should serve as a landmark, not only for the West but perhaps even more for the Arabs themselves, from which to measure progress achieved and from which to chart the future. Successful completion of the journey will largely determine whether or not our Arab neighbors will take their full place with other free men on a basis of mutual trust and equality.

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Ring Out the Old

DEPENDING on the nature of the individual the year that has just passed may be dismissed as an unhappy interlude, like a long and quarrelsome week end in the country, or considered as a turning point in our history during which we were painfully forced to look the economic and political facts of life in the face. What matters most is not what fears and reverses we have suffered but what we have learned. Some future historian may look back on the year 1950 to discover that it was a period of great national prosperity, of waste and extravagance, of blunders without end; but a year in which America finally came of age, recognized fully its enormous international responsibilities, and determined to meet them as a united country. Over the long prospect the seasons melt indistinguishably into each other, yet the habit of assessing and drawing a balance sheet for the last twelve months at the beginning of the new year is as old as history.

In the worst of times the desire to continue to exist is one of the most startling qualities of man, for alone among the animals he is doomed to have the foreknowledge of his death. Toward the end of life another year is another victory, until the certainty that he has outlived his days or has suffered beyond endurance the erosion of time and pain brings to him the uselessness of protracting life. The vitality of a nation is marked in part by its longevity, and this last year has resulted in a continuance of the discoveries in medical science that have so astonishingly increased our years during the last few decades. The possibility that men and women in great numbers may some day live for a century is one of the reasons why we treasure each succeeding birthday. But to live for so great a time demands reasons for staying alive. We do not want to live in poverty, idleness, and misery or to have our children born into chaos and wars. Our very progressive longevity as a people is one of the best reasons why we will not plunge into avoidable international adventures and why we have as a nation determined to put an end to them. More than at any previous time we have shown this determination in the last seven months. If it is finally necessary we will, however illogical it may seem, lead the nations who will fight Communism into a third world war—if all other means fail, and if the stakes are as high as we believe them to be: world peace and international unity.

The average American has learned a great deal during the last year. He knows more about the nature and the strength of the enemy. He is in a better position to assess our own present weakness and what we can accomplish as a bulwark of the Western world. The Korean War was a rout in the summer, a victory in November, a disaster in December, and during the last days of the year a successful strategic evacuation. We have yet more to learn from this war on the other side of the world. Since Pandora's box was opened a generation ago we have never had so sharp an awakening. We are also finding out that the world's balance is not entirely unfavorable for us, that if war should come we will, in the end, win it. As Walter Lippman says, "It is not complacency to refuse to underestimate ourselves." We have been surrounded with crepe-hangers and ominous newspaper headlines that have so far failed to shake our confidence, and we do not agree with the novelists and critics who are still engaged in finding reasons why we would be better off dead.

We know that we are by far the greatest Power on earth. There are several proved ways of measuring the industrial power of the great nations: oil, coal, and steel, primarily, and of course the number of workers and their productivity per man-hour. In the first two our resources are incomparably greater than the rest of the world; in steel we produce a hundred million tons annually compared to Russia's twenty-five million, figures which serve economists with the relative measure of our national strength. Our population is 25 per cent less than Russia's, but we have more skilled industrial workers, more research laboratories, more scientists in training. If we add the resources and manufacturing capacity of England, France, Western Germany, and the small Western European countries we are prospectively too powerful for any nation to face, though Russia has the present advantages of geographical unity and mobilized manpower.

In a recent article, "Great Power Balance-Sheet," in *The Nation* Fritz Sternberg quotes Leon Keyserling's prediction of a 25-per-cent increase in American productivity in the next five years and gives his own conclusions. "Russia could not possibly win a war with the United States, for the victory would have to be won on the American continent. . . . America would have a good chance of winning a war in Europe and Asia, though its military superiority would always be far less than its industrial superiority. Even if Russia should succeed in conquering a large part of Europe, the devastation that the United States could visit on the Soviet Union, not only in Europe, but also in its Asiatic provinces, would be tremendous. These two facts increase the chances of peace, whether or not a negotiated settlement is reached." The deterrent effect of our superiority in atomic weapons he omits from his consideration as an unknown and unpredictable quantity.

IN THIS year we have, therefore, learned from our own experience and from many other sources that there is a good chance that our known strength and that of our allies will prevent the war we dread. We have determined to prepare for it if it comes.

In his preface to "Man as Interpreter," a recently issued pamphlet, Lewis Mumford writes: "If the evils that now threaten mankind at large are more appalling than ever before the reward for facing them and overcoming them promises also to be greater. . . . Even if the present crisis continues for another generation it is already time to prepare for the renewal of life. . . . What we know of the world comes to us more from interpretation than experience." It is a consolation in some measure to realize that in the year that has passed and the one that just dawned we are now engaged in nothing less than the survival of civilization. It may seem a dubious honor to live at a time when we are all tormented by insoluble problems; but if it is true that "on every page of nature's open book man scrawls in the margin his own autobiography," then we who have entered the second half of the twentieth century may leave a record of our discoveries and our courage that will be indelibly marked on the history of the human race. It is a privilege to be alive in January 1951. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Those Great Books

SIR: Congratulations on the splendid debate on the Great Books program between Ben Ray Redman and Raymond H. Wittcoff [*SRL* Dec. 9].

As a "graduate" of the first-year course in these classics I am delighted to read the comments of Mr. Redman. He says things which I have hesitated to say very loudly from a sneaking fear that I might be considered a low-brow. I agree that the idea is noble in purpose, like Prohibition, but if it ever provides a liberal education to more than a handful of adults my estimate of the capabilities of the American people is considerably less optimistic than Mr. Adler's. If the Great Books are readable by anyone without the aid of special instruction, then I would certainly hate to tie into a volume which Mr. Adler classifies as somewhat advanced.

The discussion group which I attended contained a good percentage of college graduates. Most of us had not only never read any of the books; we had never heard of them and had no idea when the authors lived or where. If this is a sad commentary on our educational backgrounds, then I can only say that I doubt if our group was unique in this respect. I maintain that dipping into Montaigne, Plato, Bacon, *et al* without some explanatory material first is largely nonsense.

I cannot help believing that Mr. Redman is on firm ground when he questions the wisdom of reading pioneer works in scientific fields. It is debatable, at least, whether or not Clendenning's "The Human Body" might provide a somewhat better understanding of anatomy than a treatise by Harvey. Mr. Wittcoff states that even Mr. Redman does not deny that the Great Books are great. Well, I do —some of them at least. I am still looking for an explanation of the greatness of St. Augustine's "Confessions." On the other hand I sometimes think that all the time I consider wasted was actually well spent because of the pleasure I got from the beautiful and moving prose of the "Crito." Such moments were rare, however.

It is a hackneyed comparison, true, but I do believe that tossing the average adult American into the midst of the Great Books is like throwing a non-swimmer into a deep lake and expecting him to come out refreshed and wise. I wish the movement well, but—if Mr. Redman's figures are correct—the fact that only 25,000 people are enrolled in Great Books groups does not exactly indicate that the idea is sweeping the nation.

JAMES F. BAILEY.

River Forest, Ill.

SIR: Regarding some of Mr. Redman's comments I think he has failed to observe the drop of ointment in his cup of flies. The very fact that there are from three to perhaps a dozen astute people gathered in numerous groups throughout the nation who can intelligently discuss the great thinkers of the past, is to me of greater comfort than a reduction in taxes.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Another thing we don't like about it, Miss Stowe, it wouldn't sell in the South."

Perhaps Mr. Redman is correct, yet I have found Aristophanes and the other Greek dramatists most delightful, without the benefit of "much detailed information"—in fact without any specific study preliminary to the reading of these dramas.

I note that Mr. Redman in three instances remarks about the average individual having only limited time at his disposal. One portions out his time as he sees fit, and if canasta and television suffer in the process in order to study Homer and Sextus Empiricus, the individual himself gains in perspicuity, sense of values, and mental agility. And I should like Mr. Redman to remember, when looking askance at the choice of texts, that there never has existed a booklist that appealed in its entirety to more than two or three persons.

I agree with Mr. Redman that groups often digress from the subject. I hope they continue to do so. I have learned more incidental knowledge by this method than I would have thought possible, and I now look forward to the digressions along with the main theme. Had I not heard from members of other groups I would have concluded that the group I attend is composed of members possessing especially superior talent, but the enthusiasm of friends attending groups in other cities is equal to my own.

OLIVE OLTCHER.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Fuller Life in England

SIR: Like your reviewer I should feel disposed to support John Dos Passos's platform, despite the highly contentious picture of my country presented in his book "The Prospect Before Us" [*SRL* Nov. 4]. Out of the "respect for facts and for freedom" which Edgar Ansel Mowrer rightly commends, I should like to submit a few comments.

It is alleged that high taxes have reduced everybody here to a "bare subsistence level." Taxes *are* excessive and perhaps by American standards we only "subsist" but, considering the rest of the world, the lot of the average Englishman will bear comparison with that of any other national. While professional people and those living on fixed incomes are worse off than before the war, most of those engaged in business and industry have a fuller life, both because of and in spite of Socialism. On the one hand the public medical service and other "free" facilities represent a valuable increment to wages, which have risen considerably—witness the number of television aerials to be seen in any working-class district in our cities. On the other hand the business classes are doing a heroic job in face of the restrictions imposed by planning and nationalization, and our exports are now the highest ever. Their efforts are also not unrewarded, as a glance at the car park of any golf club any week end will show.

That the 70 per cent of our business still in private enterprise hands can support the losses on the newly nationalized industries and provide handsome profits does not suggest a "bankrupt capitalist economy at its point of collapse." I do not overlook the magnificent help supplied by America in one form or another, though England in its turn has done a great deal since the war to help other countries.

I write as a Conservative, and it should be added that, as John Dos Passos's book has not yet appeared in England, these comments are based solely on your review.

JOHN BENN.

London, Eng.

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Hardy: A Wessex Seesaw

A Classic Revalued: XIV

CARL J. WEBER

THOMAS HARDY's first novel appeared in 1871, and those few persons who bought it had to pay only $7.50 for a set of three volumes. In 1926 when George Barr McCutcheon's copy of the same novel was sold at auction in New York it brought $2,100. Only three years later when Jerome Kern's copy of this same work was auctioned off its purchaser paid $4,800. But when Paul Lemperly's copy was sold at auction in 1940 the novel brought only $27.50.

These figures are quoted, not with the misguided idea that a revaluation of Hardy's books is a matter of dollars and cents, but because the figures tell more than a commercial story. For the rise from $7.50 up to $4,800 and the fall from that giddy height to $27.50 are indicative of something more than the fluctuations in the market for rare books. Public interest in Hardy has experienced a similar rise and fall, and since his death in 1928 his reputation has in some quarters suffered a marked decline.

Throughout the first quarter of the present century many critics voiced the opinion that Hardy's most nearly perfect work of art was "The Return of the Native" and that in this novel his most profound study of human nature was to be seen. But in a new edition published last year its editor spoke of the "manifest and manifold crudities" of this novel and found it full of "gross faults." This shift in opinion illustrates the marked change in the literary climate in which Hardy's works now live. Since there is not time here to let everyone talk we may nominate two spokesmen. Let Professor Samuel C. Chew of Bryn Mawr speak for the older generation of critics, and let Professor A. J. Guerard of Harvard speak for the younger men. Twenty-five years ago Professor Chew declared that "the famous prelude-like opening" of "The Return of the Native"—the chapter about Egdon Heath—"is one of the most magnificent pieces of modern prose," but Professor Guerard now remarks that "the pages of Egdon Heath are not as good as earlier critics thought." Chew believed that "in Hardy's greater works he has realized his own ideal of imparting to masterpieces of story a beauty of shape" and that in the "large matters of structure and design Hardy's art . . . is almost impeccable." Guerard confesses that "The Return of the Native" holds him "with no fascinated curiosity" and that its "mechanically constructed and obvious plot" proves that Hardy is no "master of the novel form." Instead of finding a "profound study of human nature" in "The Return of the Native" Guerard maintains that "Hardy did not understand Clym dramatically." In fact—"did he even understand Clym rationally?"

Well, I for one would answer: Yes, he did. I think Chew right and Guerard wrong; but in a comparison of critical opinions there is little profit in a mere statement of preference. Instead of merely adding one more critical rock to the mountain of personal opinion about Hardy I should prefer to try to find out *why* we find ourselves differing so. Many considerations are involved here—normal changes in taste, boredom with the old and the familiar, postwar "sophistication" of moral outlook—considerations which demand more time and space than are now available. But one inviting question can be asked: Is it possible that we have to a large degree disqualified ourselves as critics of a rural writer like Hardy by our modern urbanization? We are city bred. Our outlook on life is no longer that of the superstitious agricultural workers among whom Hardy grew up, and what seemed natural and real to him is likely to seem formed and unconvincing to us. This makes all the difference in the world in one's judgment of Hardy's work. To illustrate:

Thomas Hardy — "the still, sad music of humanity."

" 'Far from the Madding Crowd' is a great novel," declared James M. Barrie, whose vivid memories of an unurbanized life fitted him for reading Hardy's novel sympathetically. But when Henry James, of New York, Boston, Paris, and London, came to review this same book (as he did anonymously in *The Nation*), he was unable to conceal his basic lack of sympathy with Hardy's country point of view. "Hardy describes nature with a great deal of felicity," so James grudgingly admitted, "and is evidently very much at home among rural phenomena. The most genuine thing in this book is a certain aroma of the meadows and lanes." If Henry James had, like Hardy, walked those lanes as a boy, he might have found Gabriel Oak just as "genuine" as anything else in Hardy's book.

Curiously enough, at the very time that there has been a growing tendency to depreciate Hardy's novels, there has been an increasing readiness to appreciate Hardy's poetry. This is curious, because the novelist and the poet have the same

In Print

THE "Collected Poems" are published by Macmillan ($5). "The Dynasts," Hardy's epic poem on the Napoleonic Wars, is also published by Macmillan (two volumes, $1.25 each). Editions of the major novels and collected short stories follow:

"Under the Greenwood Tree"—Macmillan ($3.50).

"Far from the Madding Crowd"—Oxford ($1.50).

"The Hand of Ethelberta" — Harper ($2.50).

"The Return of the Native"—Among the many editions there are Pocket Books (25¢); Harper (95¢ and $3): Modern Library ($1.25); Macmillan ($2.50).

"A Laodicean"—Harper ($2.50).

"Two on a Tower" — Harper ($2.50).

"The Mayor of Casterbridge"—Rinehart (50¢); Modern Library (65¢ and $1.25); Harper ($1.40).

"Wessex Tales" — Harper ($2.50).

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" — Harper (95¢ and $3); Modern Library ($1.25).

"Life's Little Ironies"—Harper ($2.50).

"Jude the Obscure" — Modern Library ($1.25).

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thoughts, interests, tastes, and outlook on life. Fortunately this Wessex literary seesaw has a fixed pivot, solidly based in Hardy's genius and personality; and the rise in the repute of the poetry, accompanying the fall in the esteem in which the novels are held, has only served to bring into clearer focus the stature of the man himself.

The quickened interest in Hardy's poetry has had at least one easily marked result. During the last thirty years of his life, when he wrote nothing but verse, he was often called a pessimist. He undoubtedly had his gloomy moments. But he also had moments of joy and happiness, and readers of the poems have gradually come to appreciate this fact. They have found it easier to single out an individual poem than to spot a cheerful page in a gloomy novel. In one of the most significant of his personal lyrics, one of his "Country Songs," Hardy exclaims:

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

In any New Year's revaluation of Hardy's work, whether in verse or in prose, his enthusiastic appreciation of earth's loveliness must receive emphasis.

About one other aspect of Hardy's work there can also be no doubt. Critics may come and critics may go, but the verdict of Henry W. Nevinson will not soon be reversed. He declared: "No Englishman since Wordsworth has heard the still, sad music of humanity with so fine an ear, and none has regarded . . . men and women . . . with a compassion so profound and yet so stern, as they pass with tears and laughter between the grave and the stars." Even the harshest of Hardy's modern critics agrees with this view—that Hardy's judgment of mankind is charitable and compassionate and that, however drab and beclouded he found our world, Hardy believed every man deserves more sunshine and happiness than he gets.

Hardy's experience of life was not a short one: he was almost eighty-eight when he died. An author who after so long a life can convince readers that the earth is lovely and mankind basically good and deserving has certainly earned the place he occupies in Westminster Abbey among England's literary giants.

Carl J. Weber is the author of "Hardy of Wessex," "The First Hundred Years of Thomas Hardy," and "Hardy in America." This is the fourteenth in a series of literary revaluations that SRL *is presenting with NBC and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."*

TV and Radio

THE SILENCE WAS DEAFENING

THE OTHER night I was sitting around the house watching a radio show. Not a television show. I found myself watching a show on radio. That's what television has done. No longer can I stretch out full length on a couch and gaze up at the ceiling while listening to a radio program. Instead I stare into the loud speaker intently.

But what I started to say was that there has been developing in the last year or two a new kind of comedian. And he is not peculiar to radio alone; he may be seen on television as well. He is the comedian whose jokes fail to register with the studio audience.

This does not refer to the comedian who when he tells a joke and there is no response from the audience says, (a) "Come now, folks, these are the jokes"; (b) "I know you're out there. I can hear you breathing"; (c) "Is the curtain up?"; (d) "If you're waiting for me to get better, this is it."

Those ad lib insults directed at the audience have been worn thin. They have been used by every comedian in the profession and have been heard by every audience from theatres to night clubs to radio to television. When the jokes told by the comedian in the regular routine of his act fail to get a laugh the insults quoted above also fail to get laughs because like the jokes that preceded them they've been around quite a while.

There has now opened up an entirely new field of comedy—new insult jokes to be directed at the audience which hasn't laughed at the old jokes which have just been told. The results have been most hilarious and have given many a comedian whose comedy act never registered a whole new lease on life.

The other night a comedian told a story and sang a song to illustrate the comedy of his story, and when he had finished a few polite members of his audience laughed softly out of sheer embarrassment, I'm sure. The comedian looked them coldly in their collective eye and said "Yes, but what do the rest of you think?" Then he went on with his next joke. The silence was deafening. But our comedian stood his ground. He pulled a slip of paper out of his pocket (this was on television), read the same joke over quietly, and said "Yes, that's it. I told it right. It must be you." When he had completed his five or six minutes of what was really pretty sad material the orchestra played him off. The master of ceremonies tried to work the audience up to a little more boisterous applause and the comedian came out for a bow. He walked to the center of the stage and made a curtain speech. "Thank you," he said. "You've been a swell bunch of seats."

These three new ad libs turned out to be the only new pieces of material on the entire show. They were mentioned the next day in places where television and radio people congregate to pamper their ulcers at lunch. And the word has spread in comedy circles that to be a hit on radio or television one need only make sure he has his jokes "protected" by a few insulting ad libs. Those in the know now search the dials and the channels for comedians whose jokes are old but who have come up with a fresh batch of insults for the audience.

A tragic thing happened to one such comedian on a show I heard on radio the other night. The studio audience, it seems, had never heard his corny routines, and he was a big hit just doing his old jokes. He never got to use one insult ad lib. The poor fellow is still in shock and is convinced that he is washed up in the business.

This new kind of comedy is a far cry from the old radio days when a comedian did a five-minute monologue, for instance, and got hardly a snicker from his studio audience, and then in all sincerity slid to his next line like this: "But all kidding aside —" or "But seriously, folks . . ."

The folks had never been more serious than they had been for the preceding five minutes.

No, it's the comedians who can't get laughs who are going to do well these days. I wouldn't be surprised to see them listed some day in the radio-television sections of our newspapers under "Picks of Today's Entertainment" as: "Joe Blow, Very Bad Comedian." Heaven help him if his act goes over.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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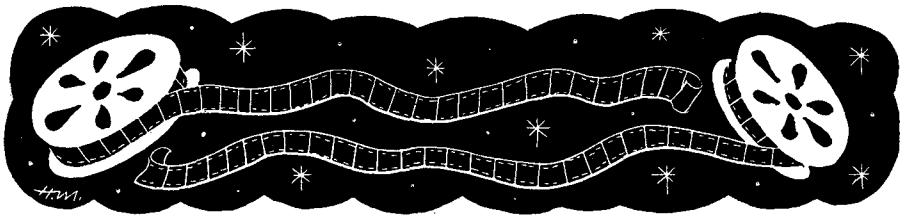
SRL Goes to the Movies



HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM MISS DAWN AND MR. DOWD

"BORN YESTERDAY"* has survived the jump from stage to screen without severe damage, which means that Garson Kanin's classic comedy is around once again after that fabulous run on Broadway. I came to it as a play too late to see Judy Holliday in action, but I followed with great interest the struggle over who would play Billie Dawn in the movie version, partisanly hoping that Judy would snag the celebrated role. The producers showed that in the clutch they were capable of wisdom, for here is Miss Holliday for everyone to see at bargain prices—demonstrating that it would have been sacrilege to have had anyone else coping with Billie Dawn's characteristics of speech and manner.

Who is Billie Dawn? For those who inexplicably still do not know she is the beautiful but abysmally ignorant blonde who rose (or descended) from the chorus to a status as mistress of a junk tycoon; who, not knowing what she wrote, signed her way into possession of some highly valuable junkyard holdings, practically a cartel of them. "Born Yesterday" mainly chronicles Billie's adventures in unwilling search of understanding, and the means through which she liberates herself from an unsanctified relationship with the tyrannous Harry Brock—winding up in a nicer and legal relationship with a fine young magazine writer named Paul Verall.

Paul happens to be on the scene because he wants to expose Harry Brock's unsavory and corrupting activities in Washington; he fascinatedly stays around as hired tutor for Billie, who is to have her grammar corrected, and whose mind is to be broadened enough for her to know what people are talking about when they talk. Paul plants a lot of admirable if somewhat vague democratic sentiments and ideals in her head, enough for her to be able to see the anti-democratic menace Harry represents. It all works out from there interestingly and hilariously.

But, in spite of Miss Holliday's magical presence—her voice runs the gamut from a shrill squeak to a noisy whine—the movie hardly dims the play version. The setting of the hotel suite in Washington is, as one would expect, larger and more lavish in the picture; the camera can show Judy trotting around to monuments and public buildings; there are good performances from Broderick Crawford as Brock and William Holden as the writer. But the play had no dull moments, never sagged. The movie falters, curiously, now and then.

This trouble arose, I think, because the translation from play to movie was made too literally. The only attempt to broaden it comes when the camera shows Billie Dawn wandering around Washington; otherwise all takes place within the hotel suite, as it did in the play. Photographing a play generally fails to give you the play's effect, for the screen medium makes its special demands. In this case neither the director nor the screen-writer seemed able to get free, to any extent, from the play influence. Can it be that there is such a thing as movie people showing *too* much respect for the original work?

Perhaps, though, they did the right thing. "Born Yesterday" and Billie Dawn are, after all, American institutions. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

* * *

While not all of us are as fortunate as Elwood P. Dowd it is pretty generally agreed these days that the fellow with a mild buzz on is better off than the man who never touches the stuff. Anyway, on the screen as on the stage, that's the whole point of "Harvey."*

True, some drunks are pestered by pink elephants, but Elwood has an invisible rabbit, and Harvey is still six feet four; he continues to relish a good double martini, and as far as I could tell he is as amiable as ever. What's more, his portrait above the Dowd fireplace looks exactly like the one that hung for so many happy months on Broadway.

Those who missed the Pulitzer Prize play will be pleased to know that Mary Chase helped adapt her comedy for the screen and that she's changed it very little. She didn't need to. Unlike most stage plays transferred to film "Harvey" doesn't depend on action. The whole thing is just a prolonged little joke—and who cares if nothing happens. However, there's a happy ending provided by Lofgren, the taxi driver, who at the very last minute prevents Elwood from sobering up forever.

James Stewart's Elwood does lack some of the magic of Frank Fay's wizened creation, perhaps because Mr. Stewart just doesn't look like the kind of man who ever spent much time in a barroom. Then too, as the years lurch on, Mr. Stewart has an increasing though understandable inclination just to be himself. But Josephine Hull is still around as the vastly befuddled Veta, and I keep wondering why someone can't arrange to have Miss Hull in *all* movies. She's fine, as always; so is Peggy Dow as a sympathetic nurse, Victoria Horne as a girl appropriately named Myrtle Mae, and Cecil Kellaway as a frustrated little psychoanalyst who dreams of cold beer and warm blondes. Wallace Ford is exactly right as Lofgren.

All in all, while it solves no problems and is unlikely to win many Academy awards, "Harvey" ought to provide all except WCTU officials a fine hour and a half, even those suffering from holiday hangovers.

—MERLE MILLER.

SRL Recommends

Born Yesterday; Reviewed in this issue.

Harvey; Reviewed in this issue.

Breakthrough: Exploits of the infantry-battalion level at St. Lô. Realistically presented—within formula strictures.

King Solomon's Mines: The magnificently photographed jungles and wild animals of Africa serve as background for an exciting adventure story.

Cyrano de Bergerac: The great stage classic has been infused with new vitality in an almost perfect transference to the screen.

Mad Wednesday: Harold Lloyd comes back in a film so funny that you will be in danger of hurting yourself with belly laughs.

All About Eve: Witty, adult satire on the theatre; richly produced, well acted. Should not be missed.

**BORN YESTERDAY, screen play by Albert Mannheimer, from the play by Garson Kanin. Directed by George Cukor. Produced by S. Sylvan Simon. Released through Columbia Pictures. With Judy Holliday, William Holden, Broderick Crawford, Howard St. John, Frank Otto, Larry Oliver, Barbara Brown, Grandon Rhodes, and Claire Carleton.*

**HARVEY, screen play by Mary C. Chase and Oscar Brodney, from the play by Mary C. Chase. Directed by Henry Koster. Produced by Brock Pemberton. Released through Universal-International. With James Stewart, Josephine Hull, Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, Cecil Kellaway, Victoria Horne, and others.*

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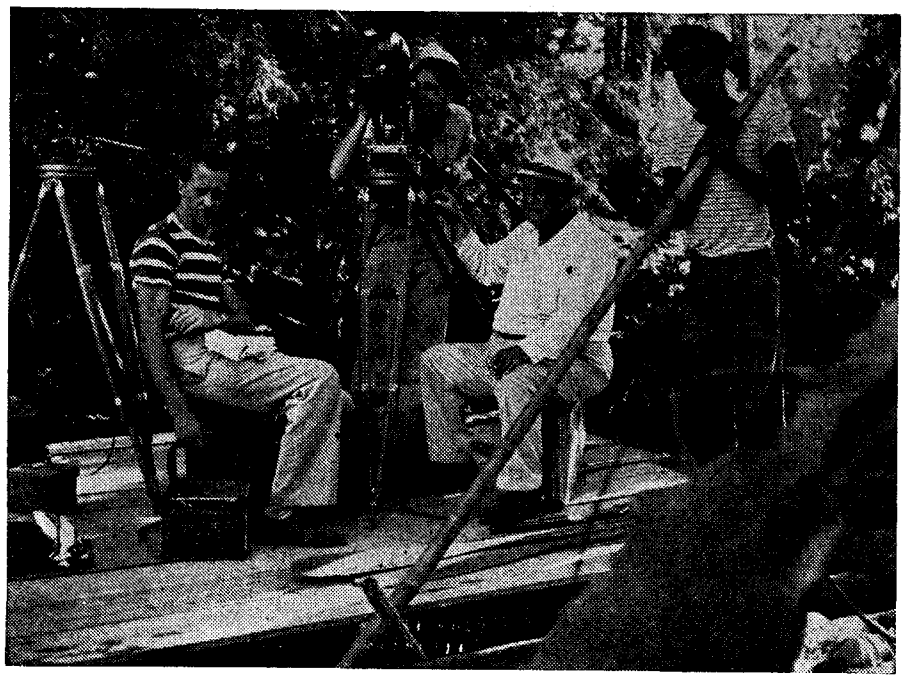
A Flaherty Festival -



—*Standard Oil Co. (N. J.).*

Flaherty and crew working on "Louisiana Story"—"far more than just a film-maker."

THE PRODUCTION of documentary films, the films of fact and social interpretation, is as sharply individualistic and competitive a field as any on the American scene. The men who make these pictures fight for contracts, watch their costs, operate like keen business men—or go under. All the more remarkable, then, that some seventy-five of America's most prominent fact-film makers through their Screen Directors Guild have come together to do honor to one who is still very much their competitor. For three successive evenings, from January 9 through January 11, they are sponsoring a Flaherty Film Festival at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, a three-part retrospective presentation of the works of Robert J. Flaherty. On the closing night he will be presented with a special award by the Guild.

The answer is that Robert Flaherty is far more than just a film-maker. Not only is he the founder of documentary—it was actually to describe a Flaherty film that John Grierson first coined the word itself—but he has worked constantly to uphold and dignify his medium. From "Nanook of the North" in 1920 to last year's "Louisiana Story" Flaherty has set a record of achievement equaled by few, a record of constant progress.

It was in 1918 that Michigan-born Bob Flaherty first used a movie-camera. Already an experienced explorer through Northern Canada he took one along to supplement the still photographs he habitually made to document his explorations. "Nanook" did not result from this trip. According to Flaherty the pictures he brought back that first time were impossible, and the negative was destroyed in a fire anyway. But this experience gave him the basic idea for "Nanook of the North," an idea which he finally succeeded in selling to Revillon Frères, the fur people. In 1920 he returned to the Arctic and spent over a year with the Eskimos there, filming their way of life, creating a sense of their society's structure and the character of the people themselves.

MAKING a Flaherty picture is no simple process. Each of them, whether shot in the Arctic or the South Seas, exotic India or prosaic USA, is produced in precisely the same way. Essentially they are camera explorations—explorations in human geography. He settles in with the people, studies them, becomes part of their community before ever a camera is turned. The theme of the picture develops slowly out of the lives of the people themselves, drawn from his conversations with them and from what he has observed. No set script is ever prepared. Incidents caught by the camera suggest sequences; and entire sequences are completed that may be supplanted by better later ones.

Flaherty learned early the sad fact that simply making a documentary is not enough, that there remains still the fight to get it shown to an audience. With "Nanook" he tramped from distributor to distributor and

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met with refusal after refusal until Pathé—with some prodding from Revillon Frères—agreed to handle the release. Only after the astounding European successes of "Nanook" did the American film companies realize that they had something special in their hands. Perhaps they were not too aware just what that something was, but the belated success of "Nanook" in this country was enough to make Paramount give Flaherty carte blanche to go off and make "another 'Nanook'."

After two years he returned with "Moana," an exquisite film record of life in Samoa. And the fight to get his pictures on the screens of America began all over again. Paramount expected another "Nanook," not an idyl of the South Seas. "But there's no blizzard in it!" one executive expostulated. The distributors were at a loss to exploit something this far off the beaten track. Only after a great deal of hard argument was Flaherty able to win a grudging trial run for his picture. Six of the toughest show towns in the United States were selected. If the picture succeeded in all of them Paramount would put "Moana" into general distribution; if it failed the picture would be shelved.

The trial screenings were all extremely successful. But Paramount failed to see the implications of Flaherty's campaign which brought into theatres for the first time the tremendous latent audience that exists in this country for better films. They released "Moana" as an ordinary exploitation feature, sold it as "The Love Life of a South Seas Siren," and as such it flopped — although European success was again phenomenal.

It has been the same story with variations for all the subsequent Flaherty pictures—"Tabu," "Man of Aran," "Elephant Boy," "The Land," even the recent "Louisiana Story," although to a far less extent. They fit uncomfortably into the normal distribution channels, lend themselves not at all to routine exploitation schemes.

What commercial distributors pointedly ignore is the longevity of a work of art—even a work of film art. "Nanook" has been in constant circulation since 1922 (and carrying with it everywhere the name of its sponsors, Revillon Frères). Only recently it was re-released in this country with a new sound score, as was "Tabu" of 1931. Great films never die.

In arranging this program of pictures by Robert Flaherty—the first time any director has been so honored in this country—the Screen Directors Guild salutes a true pioneer, the man who blazed the trail for American documentary. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

The Film Forum

DOCUMENTARY MASTERPIECE

***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

NANOOK OF THE NORTH

Produced by Robert Flaherty for Revillon Frères. Directed and photographed by Robert Flaherty. New sound version produced by Herbert Edwards with commentary by Ralph Schoolman, and music by Rudolph Schramm. (55 min.)

There couldn't be a nicer New Year's present to 16mm. film users than the news that Robert Flaherty's "Nanook of the North" is now available for non-theatrical screening. However you look at the film—as one of the all-time classics in motion-picture history, as one of the great grandparents of the present-day documentary film, as a striking photographic achievement, as an exciting romance of life in the Arctic, or as an epic tale of man against the elements—one thing is certain: "Nanook of the North" is a wonderful film, and Robert Flaherty is a greater man for having made it.

The history of this film is only one small chapter in the remarkable history of Flaherty himself. Flaherty, according to all accounts, was and still is a man of remarkable wit and warmth, unconventionality and stoutheartedness. He began working as a mining engineer and explorer and on one of his early ventures into the Arctic took a camera to record what he saw. The film he brought back from this trip was subsequently destroyed by fire from his own cigarette. But the loss was not mourned, for Flaherty found that he had taken a series of unrelated shots—"a scene of this and a scene of that." It was enough to make him decide to go back and make a really good film about Eskimo life.

After having been turned down by a number of potential backers Flaherty interested the Paris fur company Revillon Frères in financing his trip and his film. The Eastman Kodak Company showed him how to develop and print his film as he shot it, so that he could see the "rushes" as he worked. The equipment was heavy and often had to be carried over long portages. Flaherty nearly froze to death on several occasions. He spent another year with the Eskimos, and he seems to have loved every minute of it.

When he returned to New York he had a film the likes of which had never before been exhibited. And within the next few years it was seen and loved by people all over the world. Now that 16mm. distribution of "Nanook" has been announced, twenty-eight years after the first release of the film, it seems unlikely that its popularity will ever diminish. This new sound version adds to it a remarkably fine commentary and musical score.

Nanook, the hero of the film, is an Eskimo of great prowess and beauty, who performs before the camera in much the same spirit as Flaherty performs behind it. So closely related are these two that one feels it a mere geographical whim of nature that one man was the director and one the protagonist.

Good humor is the keynote of the film, despite the grimness of the setting. Everyone seems to be playing jokes on everyone else. There are so many little jokes that sometimes it is hard to tell where they begin and end. In the introductory scene, for example, who can help laughing when about a dozen happy people—men, women, and children—crawl out of the top of what seems to be a bottomless kayak? And who is kidding whom when later at the trading post Nanook bites into a phonograph record which he grinningly has mistaken for a new kind of canned food? After trading his furs for civilized products he presumably has no interest in (practically no equipment or clothes or food from the outside world appear in the rest of the film) Nanook sets off in the same jovial manner for a new year of catching fish through ice holes, hunting for food and fur, building magnificent one-night homes, outwitting and outpulling walrus, and in general providing for his family and his dogs as well as a man can be expected to, circumstances being what they are.

There is beauty in "Nanook of the North"—real beauty seldom equaled on the screen: the faces and postures of the people and animals; the skilled hand at work on an igloo; the peaceful dogs rolled up into snowy roundnesses on a stormy night; expanses of snow, hills and valleys, light and shadow. And there is drama such as only a skilled artist can convey: hunting, eating, and sleeping; the training of the child to take the place of the father; the fierceness of starving huskies; the limp, dead seal; the code of the walrus; the menacing sky; the magnitude of the place and the occasion.

As long as films can be preserved, and longer, this film will live as a masterpiece unique in motion-picture history. But my word is not enough—here are comments of other reviewers: "It contains more beauty, drama, suspense, and excitement than a dozen average films." "Every shot is composed with the eye of an artist." "'Nanook' is film-making as we had almost forgotten it—a sequence of moving pictures telling their own story through the eye." "What gives 'Nanook' its astonishing vitality? The secret is something in Flaherty himself."

—CECILE STARR.

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Fiction. *Not long ago a European critic, observing that so much of the fiction published in this country is written by women to be read by women, proclaimed the novel in America essentially a form of feminine intercommunication. Too pat though the generalization may be, it finds ample confirmation in the first fruits of the spring season reviewed here. Like Frances Parkinson Keyes's "Joy Street"* [SRL, *Dec. 2, 1950*], *Taylor Caldwell's "The Balance Wheel" is the work of a hand long skilled at delineating intricate family relationships against social backgrounds nicely compounded of realism and romance. Enid Bagnold, remembered for her "Serena Blandish," is now probing to discover what makes a fifty-year-old Helen of Troy tick in "The Loved and Envied." Shirley Barker accurately recreates seventeenth-century England, Old and New, in "Rivers Parting," but injects a dash too much of romance for a distinguished product.*

New England's Religious Past

RIVERS PARTING. By Shirley Barker. New York: Crown Publishers. 311 pp. $3.

By Mary Ellen Chase

IN THIS seventeenth-century story which opens in Sherwood Forest, moves to the valleys and hills of the Piscataqua region of New Hampshire, returns to London for the years of the Plague and the Great Fire, and closes in New Hampshire just before the turn of the century, there are action and adventure enough to delight the most avid of readers. There is not a dull page or even a dull paragraph throughout the book; and Miss Barker's marked skill in writing is as satisfying and lively as her quick succession of thrilling incidents.

Nor is her novel lacking in historical background of real value. The enmity and struggle between the pioneers of Portsmouth, still loyal to the King, Church, and Prayer-book, and their "godly" neighbors of Massachusetts Bay make interesting and unusual reading. The aims and desires of early Portsmouth, as of the first of the Maine coast colonies, were staunchly economic rather than religious. Masts for the King's ships and the packing of cod-fish engaged the minds of its energetic, hard-headed settlers rather than the Puritan promulgation of a distasteful and restraining theology; and their shrewdness in dealing with the piety of Boston results in an amusing and even memorable chronicle. The early years of Harvard College are also here—its entrance examinations administered by the president in his study, its willing acceptance of fees "in kind," its training in dialectic and logic for future Colonial clergy, the evenings spent in Cambridge taverns by the more worldly among its undergraduates.

So pleasant and engrossing, in fact, is this narrative in its excellent description of seventeenth-century Old England and New, its collection of thoroughly engaging human beings, and its dramatic and well-told scenes and events, that adverse comment seems particularly ungracious. Why ask more of so admirable a job at storytelling? And yet the author's recourse to certain outworn and unconvincing motifs of plot construction is to say the least infelicitous; and her dependence upon these mars an otherwise commendable accomplishment. Things happen far too neatly in these crowded pages. Coincidences, sudden reversals of fate and fortune, mistaken identities, noble self-sacrifices in love—these romantic devices detract from the solid values of "Rivers Parting" and result not in a willing suspension of disbelief on the part of the reader but in the uncomfortable assurance that nothing quite so pat and so perfect *could* actually have happened. Life just isn't that generous and that obliging! Or even if it most infrequently is, its normal treatment of human beings is far safer for the attainment of literary truth, even in the pages of romance.

This constant intrusion of the sensational too often renders incredible a story obviously rooted in historical fact and unfortunately results in undermining Miss Barker's laudable purpose: an honest re-creation of the religious past of New England in one of its more unfamiliar aspects.

Mary Ellen Chase, professor of English at Smith College, is the author of a dozen novels, including "Windswept" and "Silas Crockett."

Quiet Defeat

By Fern Maddox

IT was not
Because you resembled him,
Or that you
Never asked, accepting quietly
With almost dumb
Passivity what was offered you;
It was some
Quality within your very body
Escaping over words;
For, when he left suddenly at dawn,
That same sense
Of quiet defeat followed him
And I knew
There had been too few gestures
Made for him.
I shall go on making gestures—
Perhaps in vain.

STAGE

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Grief Closes Doors

THE BALANCE WHEEL. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 496 pp. $3.50.

By Josephine Lawrence

WHY DID no one ever write of the anguish of parents who, having lost sons in a war, "could see no 'glory' in the death of their lives and their hopes, their pride and all their work." This was what Phyllis, the woman loved by Charles Wittmann, hero of this novel, wondered.

Taylor Caldwell writes of that anguish. Charles's only child, a premedical student, is destined to be killed in World War I while serving with a Red Cross unit abroad. Up to this point Charles Wittmann, a sturdy American of German descent, has been able to breast the buffeting tides of outrageous fortune. His cherished wife had died in childbirth and the baby with her, but he has had his son and his business. He is president of a precision tool company left to him and his three brothers by their father. Charles does not "get on" any too well with his brothers, although Wilhelm accords him a greater measure of sympathy and respect than either Friederich or Jochen. Wilhelm is married to Phyllis, lovely and good, who was first engaged to Charles. Besides Charles, only Jochen has children, and his three are girls. Geraldine, the oldest, at sixteen is already in love with Charles's son Jim.

Readers familiar with Miss Caldwell's earlier novels will find that she is interested again in family relationships as worked out against the background of a family-owned business. The four brothers are mentally and spiritually strangers to each other as adults, a situation common enough but one that ought to give parents a good deal of concern—and perhaps does. Friederich is difficult and moody, a bachelor living in pathetic loneliness because he was rejected in childhood by the father he had secretly adored. Jochen is crafty, a malicious schemer, but married to a woman he loves devotedly and who loves him. Wilhelm is a true artist with fastidious tastes, interested in pictures and music, and deeply in love with Phyllis. Charles, regarded as the balance wheel, is not above manipulating the individual weaknesses of his brothers to serve his ends. That these ends are always good in themselves and usually work out to the advantage of all the brothers as members of the firm does not completely reconcile the reader to Charles's employment of cunning.

It is when he is stricken by the knowledge of the relentless approach of war that he becomes a human, likable figure. His reactions are summed up in the single, pitiful phrase—"I have a son." Armament firms are besieging him to sell them his patents, to be sold in turn to unnamed countries abroad; his German ancestry colors the attitude of erstwhile friends; he realizes that he is desperately in love with Phyllis. But through all the complexities, distractions, and responsibilities that beset him Charles sees clearly only one spectre, the possible loss of his son. When the blow falls his shock is the accumulative pity, anger, resentment, and grief of thousands of parents who have, as the author says, closed thousands of doors "as Charles had closed the door of Jim's room."

—*Montaina.*

Taylor Caldwell—"bitterness is an honest emotion . . . to understand."

In time Charles adjusts, for even parents must adjust or go mad. He makes his peace with his brothers, his son's son is born to Geraldine, and Charles himself (married to Phyllis, following Wilhelm's death) names his second son for the dead Jim. But the book closes as Charles begins to fashion new dreams for this new generation born into a world made "safe" by the war just won—the new generation who will, twenty years from that sunny afternoon, be recruited to fight in World War II.

There is a deep undercurrent of bitterness in this long and well-written story, but bitterness is an honest emotion not difficult to understand. Indeed, in this novel—Miss Caldwell's thirteenth book—it warms the characters of the four brothers, who otherwise might have a tendency to suggest chessmen moved about by a clever player, into poignant life.

A Credible Helen

THE LOVED AND ENVIED. By Enid Bagnold. New York: Doubleday & Co. 288 pp. $3.

By Catherine Meredith Brown

THIS is a truly remarkable novel about a truly remarkable woman. Lady Maclean is presented to us as a charmer. We see her first at fifty-three, dazzling in diamonds at an opening night, surrounded by seventy-year-old swains. Bit by bit her life is laid bare, her nature made clear, and her fascination established. What is more, we believe abundantly in her total irresistibility—a fact much to Miss Bagnold's credit. To create a credible Helen of Troy is surely as difficult a feat as to create a person of unquestioned genius. Ruby Maclean emerges completely and rewardingly in relation to her set.

Enid Bagnold approaches her problems in a leisurely manner. Her tale is told in the grand style. It is spacious and it is gentle. Her characters are gracious, with the grace of the assured sophisticate. Here is the *haute monde* in and around Paris, knit together by one lovely creature. Two world wars have come and gone, leaving no perceptible dent on the titled pattern. Clothes, cars, jewels, and houses remain beautiful. The surface glistens. It all appears immensely smooth, immensely easy. But there's a concealed shakiness everywhere; these people are old, and so many questions remain unanswered.

By flashbacks the pieces are put together. Young Ruby, orphaned, is adopted and adored by her spinster aunt. This aunt, born a monster with an enormous misshapen ear that practically covers one cheek, makes her living by imparting beauty secrets to frightened women. It is a good living. She knows her business and launches her niece almost before her time. The young Scot Gynt Maclean sees Ruby on the stage, worships her, and marries her.

A baby boy is born to die, but an ugly daughter, Miranda, lives to face the struggle of loneliness. "Why does everyone love you and no one loves me?" the lost daughter asks her mother. This heartbreaking query comes after one bad marriage and after apparent defeat in the face of plainness.

But at the last the beautiful Lady Maclean gives her child happiness just as she dispenses happiness to her friends. The Vicomte who is her neighbor needs her. The tawdry old woman who is the Vicomte's mistress needs her. The dying, devoted Duke

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demands her constant presence, and the ancient Duchess, great-aunt to her husband, relies on her lasting beauty. It is, sadly enough, only her husband who finally relinquishes the world. He must face eternity through mysticism.

Imperfect relationships, old age, and the coming of death afflict these people. The twilight years take their toll. Perhaps Lady Maclean herself can come to tranquility; perhaps she can permit her heart to die. She is palpably to be remembered and to be forever idolized.

Miss Bagnold has a rare and a welcome flavor. She is witty, worldly, and wise with the wisdom of the deeply compassionate. "The Loved and Envied" displays her qualities at their glowing best, a best that is hard to beat.

Another Bigotry Battleground

A STATE IN MIMOSA. By Robert Tallant. New York: Doubleday & Co. 274 pp. $3.

By Carl Carmer

ROBERT TALLANT has written a seething, wrathful novel of life in a small Southern town, and he is on the side of the angels. It is a brief, tense, well-contrived melodrama; as in all melodramas the audience recognizes at once the moral issue and knows at the moment a character enters whether to applaud or to hiss.

"John looked into Watson's yellow, bloodshot eyes and reflected that he was almost too typical of what he was, a small town sheriff."

The editor of the town paper, Howard Staplecross, "was tall and cadaverous, about fifty, with thin white hair and cold pale eyes behind thick glasses. A fish, thought John. There were fins under his clothes, or perhaps scales, pale green in color, like his eyes."

Against these two Mr. Tallant has pitted his colorful hero, John Caliph, who is about to write a book and whose cosmopolitanism and emancipation from the distasteful mores of his old hometown are indicated by his costume when he appears on the streets after an absence of many years. "John was wearing a red corduroy jacket and pale green trousers; there was a yellow scarf knotted about his throat. . . . John's bare toes were exposed by his sandals."

Once he has drawn up his battlelines the author reports the action as John Caliph fights to save himself and two friends he has brought home with him, a delightful Polish couple who had been victims of unspeakable Nazi tortures, from the suspicions, cruelties, and eventual active physical persecutions of Mimosa's most powerful and evil citizens.

Mr. Tallant has an exceptional gift for creating characters. He has a sympathetic understanding of foibles and eccentricities and he easily conveys it to the reader. Katie, the Polish wife, is one of the most charming and lovable women in current fiction, and there are other deft and convincing portraits among the descriptions of the people who try to assist John in his desperate struggle against bigotry.

Perhaps because of the heat of his moral indignation Mr. Tallant fails in his satire, usually one of his more effective gifts. The clichés which he puts into the mouths of some of his characters have been reported so often by other writers that though they are unquestionably still being said in towns like Mimosa they are no longer amusing. There is the old joke about the man who is collecting unautographed books because they will someday be rare and valuable, the crack about the lazy author who has not published a volume in three months, and the inevitable "I always say there's enough ugliness in the world without writing about it." These passages and others like them might well have been sacrificed to improvement of both the quality and the pace of the narrative.

As the story approaches its horrifying end it gains immeasurably in intensity, moving with increasing speed and mounting suspense — qualities which were not evident (nor necessary) in Mr. Tallant's previous leisurely and amusing books. Should he ever bring together into one novel all of the writing abilities that are his, he would without doubt prove himself an author of impressive stature.

Fiction Notes

THE TOUGH AND THE TENDER, by Mina Lewiton. Franklin Watts. $3.

". . . the miracle is that the tender ones are not swiftly and relentlessly vanquished, that they manage to survive and to become in many instances leaders, shapers of thought, architects of the future. . . ."

It is this miracle that Mina Lewiton's third novel is concerned with, a cross-cut of thirteen years in the life of Edward Westerling, painter, thinker, a shaper of thought, an architect of the future. Edward Westerling is one of the "tender ones," whose quality of tenderness is actually sturdier than the toughness of the "tough ones."

A bit threadbare at the cuffs, Westerling brings his portfolio to a publishing house with the slim hope of getting some illustration work to do. The art editor isn't in, but Flora Davison, a junior manuscript reader, looks at his work and falls in love with it and with Westerling. She is the only girl Westerling has seen in New York who doesn't wear lipstick. Westerling is the first person in Flora's life to give her a glimpse of that wide world —Paris, certain waterfronts, the world of beauty itself—that she longs for and senses just beyond her. In a very short while they are married and living the precarious artist's existence that Westerling described to her with such misgivings. It doesn't matter to Flora. She has found what she wanted. This is life and happiness.

They make friends—Emery Lowell, a fiery young painter, Kit Shearer, widow of a painter killed in the war, and Kasich, a refugee who knows the real meaning of "one world." On the other side, among the tough, are Tom Cass, a reactionary poet, whose main occupation is persuading the power-hungry toughs into his anti-liberal schemes, Bud Curley, a former slum boy who now lives in a penthouse, and Olive Bedell, supervisor of a chi-chi publication. A dozen characters slip in and out of the book, though without creating either much narrative or suspense. That was not the author's intent. Miss Lewiton has great talent for simply the flavor of daily existence in a marriage like the Westerlings', who with their young daughter, their single luxury of a piano, their unswerving vision of what is of value in their life represent the eternal valuses that should be the goal of all humanity. The Westerlings' steadfastness, in fact, might have been a brighter miracle if either of them had ever hesitated a moment between a job he didn't quite approve of and need of earning a living. But the Westerlings don't. Things don't come to that

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kind of crisis. It makes for a somewhat slow-paced, black-and-white effect, but an agreeable one, nevertheless, achieved with conviction.

—PATRICIA HIGHSMITH.

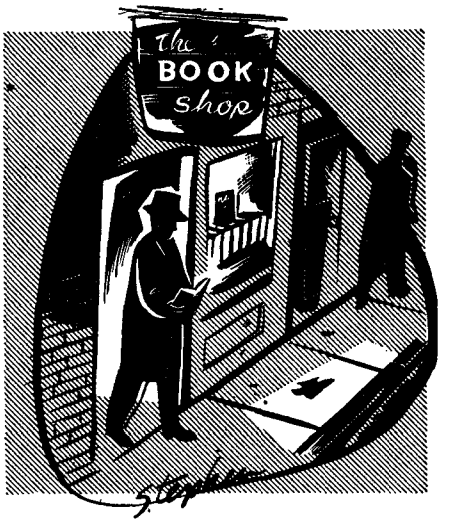
THE NINTH EARL, by Jeffrey Farnol. Macdonald, New York. $2.50. Messrs. Jackman and Bell, attorneys for the eighth Earl of Ravenhurst, began a search for the ninth Earl when the skeleton of his father, the seventh Earl, was discovered at Ravenhurst Castle. Assisted by super-sleuth Jasper Shrig (Sherlock Holmes's rustic predecessor), they unearth diverse clues in the conversations of witchlike Old Hagah and ghost-believing Jabez Ferris, upon the person of Charles Mallory, Esq., recently arrived from America and in a painting by Holbein retrieved from the castle dungeon. Deeper than the mystery of the ninth Earl's identity is that concerning his father's murderer. The reader may solve the first but not so easily the second one.

Yet all is not skulduggery in Ravenhurst village. While Jackman and Shrig are snoopily sleuthing, young George Bell involves himself in a rather volatile romance with Lady Clytie, which begins with mutual detestation and ends with sublime passion. Also of interest is the romance of George's Aunt Isabel and Charles Mallory, the wooing of Mistress Tulliver by the unlucky Viscount Hurst and the nefarious activities of Sir Humphrey Carr.

Mystery fans who prefer a jet-paced story and a string of lovely corpses may find this piece of British fiction a trifle slow. Nevertheless, Jasper Shrig is an amusing sleuth and his antics, as well as those of the aforementioned, may delight you in a moderately quaint and suspenseful way.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND, by Compton Mackenzie. Houghton Mifflin. $3. As movie-goers have already discovered, "Tight Little Island" concerns the inhabitants of Great and Little Todday, two islands that by the grace of Compton Mackenzie are not only Scottish and beautiful but also miraculously close to a ship that runs aground with 50,000 cases of fine Scotch whisky, thus ending one of the most heart-felt "droughts" of World War II. By dint of a delightfully misty blending of good sense and good humor the people of the Toddays had been able to endure most of the spiritual abominations of wartime living, but twelve days without so much as a dram was becoming almost too much for them. When the S.S. *Cabinet Minister* slides into a nearby sandbar on a foggy Sunday morning the Protestants of Great Todday are relieved that the Catholics of Little Todday may now face the Lenten season with "ammunition," and the residents of Little Todday regret that the people of Great Todday must wait until the Sabbath ends (at the very precise time of one minute after midnight) before partaking of the "miracle."



First published in England in 1947, this engaging novel introduces a new Mackenzie series to America. Without Mackenzie's sly, sophisticated humor and authentic Gaelic touches—and without such stimulants as Thistle Cream, Mountain Tarn, and Stag's Breath—"Tight Little Island" would be a rather threadbare folk tale. Perhaps because he is introducing them for roles in forthcoming novels, Mackenzie has almost let too many characters spoil the brew. The total effect, however, is a gently satirical reprimand to all who take themselves too seriously, all busy-bodies, all who value efficiency and regulation above spirit and good humor in peacetime or in war. As a cheerful eulogy to peace it may be just the "wee dram" that we are needing.

—J. S. RUSSELL.

SHE RODE A YELLOW STALLION, by Warren Reed. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. To the wilderness that was Wisconsin in 1846 came Jerry Bent, a young Scotsman, with eighty-five dollars in his sheepskin purse, a love of horses in his heart, and a promise to wed Catherine MacKenzie on his mind. His first encounter on the muddy streets of Sheboygan was with Margot McCann, who sold him her yellow stallion and almost changed his mind about marrying Catherine. "They were very young, and love comes quickly in a new country." But when Margot discovered she was going to have Jerry's child she ran off to Milwaukee, leaving him to marry the faithful Catherine. In the years that passed Jerry thought often of his first love while

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

PULITZER PRIZE WINNERS ANAGRAMMED

Jane and Alan Otten, of Washington, D. C., offer the titles and authors of Pulitzer Prize Winners from the past decade. Although the titles and names are slightly scrambled you should get twelve for par, fourteen for very good, and sixteen or better for excellent. Answers on page 41.

1. Orlando, A Fable	Roy H. Jeshen
2. What Frets A Gopher?	Benson K. Jitche
3. New Rats Rest	Pennie T. Besten-Ventch
4. Lianne Lane	Rowen B. Goldonsky
5. Sadly A Rector Slew	Lew R. Bollerot
6. It's True, Theo Henkof	Worth Trendilon
7. Hy, Vera	Sam Y. Reach
8. No Hug for Dora	Judge Alonzo Z. Scems
9. T. Rel, Vet.	April R. Hoaks
10. Enjoin Hard Turkey	Mr. Alf N. Inavit
11. Fie To My Futile Hero	Rosa Lily Animaw
12. Ada Smeal of Athens	Ruth Irma Rell
13. Dr. Hente's Goat	Sir Paul N. Conti
14. Drene Eradicates Master (or, Sneer Eradicated Master if you're worried about being libelous)	Emilie LaW St. Sensen
15. Why Eat Stew?	GI Jeb Rather
16. A Hex on Yetta Fige	Una Whed
17. Henri Tilf's I.O.U.	Oleg N. G. Wasell
18. Glenn Likes Math	Bernarr N. Twerpeno
19. Easter Twines	F. B. Trotroser
20. The Bells Hear Nothing	Dr. Rose O'Bowther

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Margot secretly hoped that eventually they would be reunited. Jerry tended his farm through lean and prosperous seasons, raised a substantial family, traded horses, and opened one of Wisconsin's first cheese factories. When Bruce, the son born out of wedlock, finally brought his mother and father face to face Jerry failed to recognize the woman he had once loved with such great passion.

Judged as a first novel this one is a better than average job. Although Mr. Reed inclines toward the cliché his descriptions are vivid and the dialogue skilfully handled. His ambitiousness, however, accounts for the novel's greatest shortcoming—sketchiness. In attempting to crowd into 300 pages the ninety-two-year history of a man and a territory he called two strikes on himself in the first inning. Nevertheless, there are a number of entertaining moments in this story, and probably Warren Reed's next novel will contain a great many more.

—J. M. G.

DARK CARNIVAL, by Maysie Greig. Random House. $2.50. One of the most prolific writers of pulp fiction, Maysie Greig has produced close to one hundred books. Now on a world tour she must have paused in Nice long enough to absorb its gay, frenetic atmosphere at carnival time. With the deftness of an old, practised hand she has juggled romance, intrigue, and murder against a background of luxury hotels, flower-laden floats, and mysterious masked revelers.

"Dark Carnival" is a racy, cliché-ridden story, with a "young and lovely" heroine, a "fantastically handsome" hero, a "charming" villain, and "breathtaking" scenery. Unwittingly and quite witlessly an American girl named Shirley McFriend gets involved with the suave Count de Reveneau and his addled mother, who take in paying guests at their dilapidated chateau. Masquerading as a cripple the Count performs wall-scaling feats worthy of a Douglas Fairbanks in his operations as a Riviera jewel thief with a penchant for tossing his victims over a cliff. Shirley helps John Jackman, another visiting American, unravel the mystery of his sister's supposedly suicidal leap and saves him from imminent death. Naturally, Shirley succeeds in getting her man and the villain achieves his come-uppance. The trouble is even a particularly moronic child could guess the novel's outcome before it is half finished. Thereafter it is only a matter of waiting for the obvious to happen. And it does.

—Ray Pierre.

THE ROAD TO GLOBAL DEMENTIA

(*Continued from page* 18)

to get the President and the Secretary of State to let me say something about disarmament, but they are preparing a plan of their own. In the meantime, however, we may have lost the opportunity.

Just outlawing the atomic bomb will not get us anywhere. Too many people were killed in the war without the atom bomb. We must outlaw war itself . . .

This is the major task to which all our attention should be directed. When the necessary social, economic, and psychological changes are accomplished throughout the world, and rendered possible by a suitable international political structure — then there will be peace. And not before.

In a sense, therefore, atomic and hydrogen bombs are but compelling diversions from the central problem. Mr. Laurence is confident that the H-Bomb will be built with a mixture of deuterium and tritium. These are the unruly cousins of hydrogen; both are eager pyromaniacs in the family of elements. In a happy turn of phrase he therefore calls the new weapon a "D.T. Bomb."

And that it certainly is. The H-Bomb is a case of sheer D.T.'s. We have so long tippled with the carefree elixir of invincibility behind a curtain of atomic fire that we appear to get the shakes at the thought of doing without atomic bombs. The fact that the North Korean and Chinese soldiers are not similarly addicted leaves us unnerved. Yet to go on drinking deeper draughts of a more potent brew promises only to bring the nightmares, the hallucinations, the convulsions of a final global dementia.

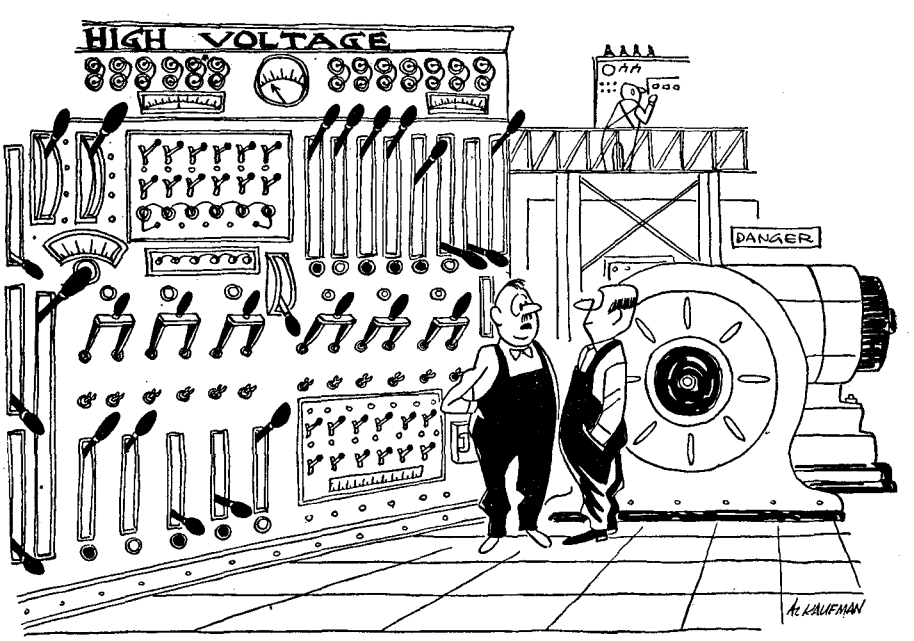
I would like to hope that many people will read these books. They do not solve the problems of today, but they present much relevant material, and Dr. Wendt has a gifted pen for sketching in the great promise for the peaceful developments of atomic energy.

I would like to hope, too, that people will go back and read Szilard's memorandum to President Roosevelt, the Frank Report, and Stimson's memorandum to President Truman—all of which antedated Alamogordo. Then the writings of John Hersey, Selig Hecht, Raymond Swing, Emery Reves, Cord Meyer, Norman Cousins, Grenville Clark, and others.

For, as Dr. Wendt points out, "Unless the citizens of a democracy know what they are talking about, their talk has no meaning, and neither do their votes. . . . Man can blow his world to bits; he can scorch it with invisible rays to kill all living things; or he can use the genie from the Arctic and the Congo to build a paradise."

And in all this—this generation will probably cast the deciding vote.

David Bradley, M.D., was a member of the radiological safety section of the Bikini atom bomb test. He is the author of "No Place to Hide."



"Just think—my wife doesn't trust me to run the electric toaster."

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Music to My Ears

THE METROPOLITAN HAS A BALL

THERE is laughter and delight at the Metropolitan these days, and the name it goes under is "Der Fledermaus." After all the talk and all the preliminaries Rudolf Bing's skilful team of Howard Dietz, Garson Kanin, Rolf Gerard, and a substitute quarterback named Eugene Ormandy took the old ball—the one at Prince Orlofsky's—and ran it up and down and around the stage with abandon. Best of all, they always knew just where they were going, and when all the bravos and the cheers for the fine effort expended had died away one was gratified that the gaiety and the charm of Johann Strauss could be revitalized so thoroughly in a world rather more troubled than the Bad Ischl of 1874.

Part of the attraction of this "Fledermaus" is the busman-on-a-holiday spirit that derives from Ormandy on the podium to a Salome (Welitch) who waltzes, a Lucia (Patrice Munsel) who proves much better suited to the inanities of the soubrette than the insanities of the prima donna, a Siegfried (Set Svanholm) who philanders as well as he philosophizes, a Don Carlo (Richard Tucker) who has never been better than he is as an opera tenor proud of his high "A," and an Octavian (Risë Stevens) who is stunning in the garb and manner of Prince Orlofsky. But all of this would have gone the way of "Boccacio" with Maria Jeritza and "Gianni Schicchi" with Lawrence Tibbett—also in English—had the Dietz lyrics, the Kanin direction, and the Gerard décor been less contemporary than they were. It was a heartening example of today's good taste honoring the good taste of yesteryear.

Two things it seemed to me all shared: an abiding affection for this joyous work and a charming disregard for the conventions of opera—particularly the conventions of Metropolitan Opera. For the first time in twenty-five years of attendance I didn't know what was coming next, a state of mind which worked wonders for the attention. When Ormandy had finished his spirited exposition of the Overture, and Brownlee had parted the curtains to explain who he was and what was going to happen (the radio commentary technique was artfully insinuated into the whole) a nice atmosphere of make-believe crept into the huge chasm of the theatre even before Gerard's first set was seen. What happened thereafter is better experienced than described; I will mention merely that this time the "gags" were good, and some of the fooling, especially by Jack Gilford who was not merely O.K., but good enough for us not to miss D. Kaye, was brilliant.

That is what the military calls The Overall. Speaking of details one can scarcely overvalue the contribution of Ormandy, who was so much a part of the whole that one never thought of him as an individual. The variation in enunciation of the text was vast—Munsel's crystal-clear, Brownlee's very professional, Welitch's muddy, and Svanholm's merely labored—but nobody was obscured for want of proper balance with the orchestra. Nevertheless, when a climax impended Ormandy was there with an incisive chord, a determined roll of the tympani, a resonant surge of the chorus which put the whole thing in the frame of big musical-theatre

Pert Miss Munsel plainly had the best time of all, though some of the choristers in their unaccustomed finery exuded an enthusiasm customarily foreign to them. Her Adele was indeed a rarity: a performer of an age to feel a part with the art to sing it too. Strauss was obviously fond of the character, as he proved by writing a big scene for her in each of the three acts. Munsel, with Kanin's aid, stepped skilfully from one situation to another, earning after her "Laughing Song," spontaneous bravos, which have been as rare at the Metropolitan recently as a balanced budget.

Perhaps the most surprising of the performers was Welitch, who proved herself what opera folk call a good "colleague" by throwing away all prima-donna prerogatives and singing or swooning, emoting or assisting as circumstances required. Her Rosalinde was immense, both physically and otherwise, with a fine "Czardas" that reminded us how good a singer she is. Some lines of the English text were garbled, but no one could complain when she went up in her lines in the third act and merely giggled in great good humor over the whole thing. This was her tribute to the spirit of the occasion, and it was welcome. As for Stevens as Orlofsky—the spirit was wholly willing, if the vocal flesh was sometimes weak.

In this generally sunny panorama a cloud intruded when the ballet fluttered on to interpret Ormandy's well-directed "Southern Roses" Waltz.

Patrice Munsel—"the best time of all."

Anthony Tudor's choreography was on the pale side, the man-and-woman power he commands obviously limited. It is unpleasant to decry a ballerina of the proven skill of Nana Gollner, but the unhappy conclusion is that she spoke the lines of sister Ida (invented for her by Kanin) better than she danced her specialty.

Taking one thing with another the evidence of the Bing-Gerard-Webster-Stiedry "Don Carlo" was reinforced—that there is talent in the American theatre to rouse the Metropolitan out of its Rip Van Winkle sleep of twenty years since 1930. Whether the eventual judgment is that it's delightful but we can't afford it, or it's delightful and we must afford it, the fact remains—it's delightful.

* * *

Guido Cantelli's Christmas-night program with the NBC Symphony Orchestra was a model of what such a thing might be and, so far as I discovered, the only distinguished music relevant to the season in a seventy-two-hour period that began with carols on Friday and ended, also with carols, on Monday. It was all-Italian—but how! Corelli's "Christmas Concerto," a Geminiani slow movement, the "Winter" Concerto from Vivaldi's "Four Seasons," leading to a superb "Magnificat" of Monteverdi for chorus and orchestra. Half the men, it seemed, had the night off, for most of the works were scored mainly for strings; but without flourishing a forte or pounding a drum Cantelli evoked a sense of eloquence and timelessness, which is as much as one man can do for the concept of Christmas. Musically it was on a high level indeed.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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(*Continued from page 16*)

of America, the people, and local traditions of the small town that Mr. Hough has struck such a good "blow for freedom and the good life." He need not worry that he has the bull securely by the tail.

Mousse-cum-Mischief

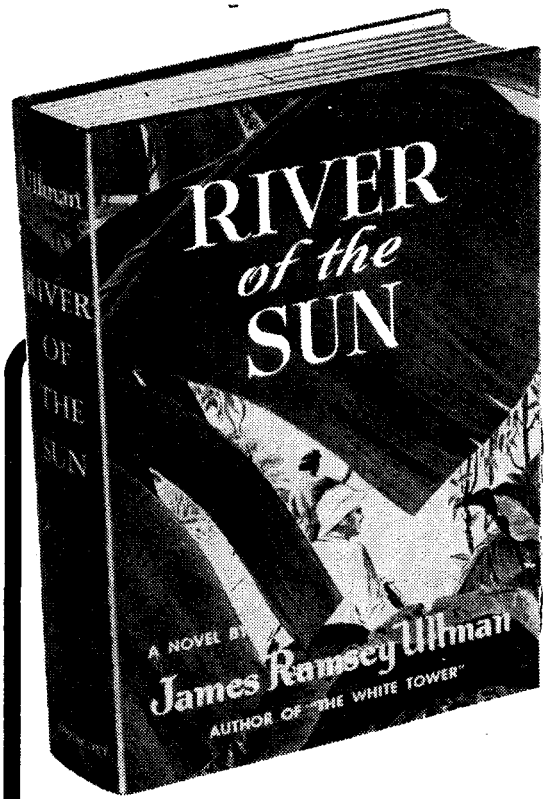
LOVE AND DISHES. By Niccolò de Quattrociocchi. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 416 pp. $4.

By LAWTON MACKALL

THE FATES must have winked at each other as they hovered over the cradle of infant Niccolò—Cocò for short, eventually Americanized as Nicky—in that staid patrician home in Palermo. Here was mischief wearing the air of a faun out of Debussy, but more allegro. As to the unconscionable good looks that dread sisterhood bestowed upon him the autobiographer is modestly mute beyond reporting that while endeavoring to peddle Sicilian tinned foods in Milano he was nabbed on suspicion of being photogenic by a pair of cinema scouts. Thenceforth he became a screen lover, engrossed in an amateur amour in his spare time which resulted in a duel with an "elderly" rival of thirty-three in which "hot Sicilian blood" (concealed under an exterior which is almost Nordic in coloring) got spilled to the extent of one teaspoon.

Next, Paris—and 6,000 francs swallowed, wallet and all, by an inamorata's pooch. Then with $16,000 raked in at Monte Carlo he set his course for New York and Hollywood, where his was mostly the face on the cutting-room floor, though he managed to score a nice bit of rapier-play as John Barrymore's retreating antagonist just before a chandelier took an unscheduled tumble upon Nicky's foot. The switch to talkies was unfriendly to his Sicilian accent. But in New York he met a pastry sculptor with thirteen cats that all spoke his language. And in Palm Beach—but I'd be a heel if I peached further upon the adventures of this sentimental journeyman.

The late César Ritz would hardly have picked him for a restaurateur. But Monty Banks did and offered to stake him to a restaurant in New York. Another friend, Fred Cerracchio, experienced in the practical side of the business, volunteered an equal amount. Nicky's contributions



A superb new novel by the author of THE WHITE TOWER

- For each of these the riddle of the river had a different answer:—
- To Mark Allison, ex-Army pilot, it meant the re-discovery of the man he once was.
- To Christine Barna it meant the husband she had come so many miles to find.
- To scientist Nils Barna it meant a lost world and solitude.
- To Touro, the giant American Negro, it meant safety and escape from a "white man's world."
- To McHugh, the promoter, it meant untold riches.
- To Mordecai Cobb, grizzled prospector, it meant rum, Indian girls and release from memories.

IN the depths of the Amazon jungle they all sought the fabulous River of the Sun, which to them was to be the River of Fulfillment—in a gripping novel of the deepest human emotions and of ideas which lead men into inspired action, set against the background of a savage, primeval wilderness . . . a fitting successor to THE WHITE TOWER.

RIVER *of the* SUN

by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

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Philadelphia **New York**

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were ideas, ingenious and tongue-in-cheek decorations, and himself as host, assisted by Tom, the not-too-soft-spoken mynah bird caged over the bar. The restaurant's Hispano-bibulo name, El Borracho, was a triumph of tishtosh. Cuisine is fine French and fine Italian; Nicky's Spanish researches have been limited to Tia Juana.

By last July El Borracho was a seven years' wonder, especially to his fellow restaurateurs, who had never suspected that anyone so engagingly unpredictable would develop so much stability. In his book he tells of anxieties and mishaps enough to have daunted the doughtiest. But he fails to mention the yellow card placed on all tables in those struggle days:

> IF you have enjoyed the Dinner, the Service, and the Atmosphere of El Borracho PLEASE DO NOT tell your friends as our seating capacity is limited.—The Management.

Dishes (culinarily speaking) run to nearly two hundred pages of recipes. Even if one doesn't cook they are stirring reading, each section led off by a sly disquisition. Included are specialties of some forty other restaurants around the corner and abroad. An ingrate might point out that but a minority of these recipes states number of portions yielded. If he did he would deserve to be forbidden the specifications for *Mousse au Chocolat El Borracho* which Nicky, with altruistic abandon, divulges to a greedy world—along with the secret of his Nicky Finn, revealed to be a side-car plus a dash of Pernod.

A beguileful book on all counts. Scattered drawings by Roger Duvoisin add to the fun and flavor.

Lawton Mackall is a member of the Society of Restaurateurs and author of "Knife and Fork in New York."

EVEN GOOD NEWS IS NEWS

(*Continued from page 9*)

ments of positions of stars has been completed at Yale University. While the Yale project mapped the stars in half of the sky the remainder are being catalogued by observatories in England and South Africa. The only similar celestial mapping project was undertaken cooperatively by fourteen observatories some sixty years ago.

▸ In Oklahoma City a laundryman entered the kitchen of an old customer to collect a bundle. He found a note intended for the customer's husband which read, "I've gone to the movies, here's a cheese sandwich for your supper." The laundryman felt sorry for the neglected spouse, put on an apron and baked him a chocolate cake.

▸ The sufferer from blinding migraine headaches could hope for some relief. Eighty-nine per cent of the patients treated experimentally with sex hormones by Wayne University doctors got relief from migraine headaches. The headaches didn't come back so quickly, either.

▸ Another attack on the problem of tooth decay showed promising results. Experimental use over a two-year period of tooth powder with a minute quantity of penicillin in it reduced dental decay by 55 per cent. Over a million prescriptions for its use were written by dentists in the last three months of 1950.

▸ In Chicago a one-legged bootblack, who had done business at the same stand for nearly twenty years, was taken to the hospital for an emergency operation. A group of his patrons took over his stand, shined shoes with enough enthusiasm to make up for lack of skill, and sent him the money.

▸ At a symposium of the United Negro College Fund in New York it was recently pointed out that the number of Negro college undergraduates has reached the new high of 70,000.

▸ In St. Louis, Missouri, a man who had "died" during an eye operation was revived after fourteen minutes. Doctors, cutting an incision into his chest when his heart stopped beating, massaged his heart with their hands. After fourteen minutes it began beating again. The massaging continued for two hours at the end of which time the heart was beating regularly. This near miracle may become commonplace. In Cleveland a group of doctors disclosed to the American College of Chest Surgeons their development of a machine that can substitute for the heart and lungs of a person whose heart stops beating during an operation.

▸ William E. Powers was blinded at seventeen, but rose to become attorney-general of Rhode Island. He credits his wife, who put him through law school by reading 3,000 books to him.

▸ Water supplies to remote hill farms will be considerably facilitated by a new plastic tubing recently demonstrated in North Wales. The tubing, which is claimed to withstand frost and to be immune to corrosion by water, air, or soil, is made of "Alkathene" plastic. Hundreds of feet can be carried on one drum, enabling long unbroken runs to be laid with speed and economy of labor.

▸ Walter and Adelaide Frank have been mailing to fellow New Yorkers a list of 100 books and a letter which reads, "Dear Friend: Enclosed is a list of books we own which we would like to share with others. If you want to borrow any of them send us your list on a post card."

▸ From the South there was evidence that the fearful Ku Klux Klan was losing its ability to terrorize our Negro citizens. Of 500 Negro students surveyed at Atlanta University, 70 per cent from all over the South said that the Negroes in their areas no longer feared the Klan.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A DAISY CHAIN FOR SATAN *Joan Fleming* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Did beautiful, trouble-breeding Sigtuna murder her father? When her husband's uncle newly returned to England thinks so she tries to prove him mad; but who murdered Sigtuna?	Mystery sacrificed to character and atmosphere seems a long time acoming, but tops in intelligence all told plus a delightful child character.	Excellent British
THE CASE OF THE ONE-EYED WITNESS *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Perry Mason gets anonymous client from terrified phone call. Fires, murder, blackmail follow; Mason and Los Angeles police clash—Mason winner, of course.	Suspense builds well, though writing creaks loudly. Diffuse cast finally knits into interesting but very implausible courtroom finale.	Pitcher to the well still whole

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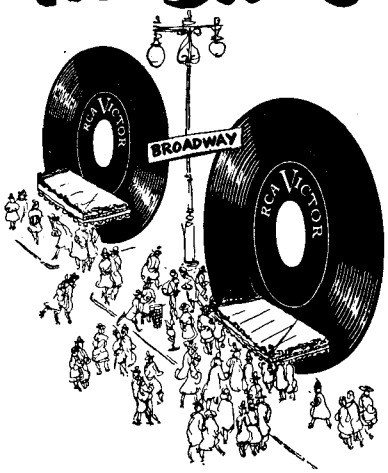
The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
THE REDISCOVERED CONCERTO—SCHOOL OF VIVALDI		
THE VIVALDI CONCERTO. C mi. for 2 violins; G mi., Op. 12, #12. Litschauer Chamber Orch., Ephrekian. C mi ("Il Sospeto"); G mi. ("Dresden"); E ("Il Reposo"). Pro Musica Orch., Goldschmidt; Carol Glenn. Period LP: SPLP 514	All new recording evidently, but a potpourri. Litschauer 2-vl. is much the best; their G mi. is duller, has tape flutter. The Pro Musicas are decidedly on the dead side. Balance is good in all, with minor variations.	The leaders in this good collection are woodwind-fortified "Dresden" (*cf.* Capitol LP), the 2-violin C mi. and the lyric "Il Reposo." The Litschauer playing is warmer; Pro Musicas are bit metronomic. All are passably good. Orig. scoring.
VIVALDI: CONCERTOS IN A AND D MINOR FOR VIOLA D'AMORE. London Chamber Orch., Bernard; Renzo Sabatini. London LP: LPS 256 (10")	Splendid, softly romantic recording, big-orchestra-sounding, deep perspective. Solo excellent, harpsichord accopt. rather loud. "Golden" ffrr, 18th c. style!	Two Bach-like, "hard"-style concerti for an unusual instrument (often used by Bach). Intense, careful playing, a bit symphonic. Worthwhile.
VIVALDI: "CONCERTO ALLA RUSTICA," OP. 51; CORELLI: "CHRISTMAS" CONCERTO (Op. 6, #8); PERGOLESI: CONCERTINO. Angelicum Orch. of Milan, Gerelli; Munich B'casting Symph., Rosbaud. Polydor-Vox LP: PL 6250	A decided potpourri, this—the "Xmas" is new tape, from Munich, the other three are dubbed from old 78's, their quality (and hiss) substandard, though musically quite OK. Listen able, well balanced.	The "Xmas," taped in Munich, is vigorous, uses largish orch., proper solos; alive performance, if somewhat rough. The Angelicums are softer, more lyric, also large orch. "Rustica" is bucolic trifle, Pergolesi excellent, though probably not by P. at all!
VIVALDI (TAMBURINI-BACH): CONCERTO IN B MI. (Mario Salerno, pf.); CONCERTO IN D MI. OP. 3, #11; LARGO IN C (arr. Gentili). Orch. Radio Italiana, Parodi and Fighera. Cetra-Soria LP: 50.023	All these Radio Italianas are minus highs, muffled, the "piano" concerto particularly so. Perhaps OK for small home machines but on better ones the music will show up poorly.	The "piano" concerto is one of those dreadful Italian "arrangements," as is the Largo. The familiar D mi. is played semi-straight, though heavily, minus audible continuo, but with solos.
GEMINIANI: CONCERTO GROSSO OP. 3, #2; CORELLI; CONCERTO GROSSO OP. 6, #1. Radio Italiana Orch., Zecchi. Cetra-Soria LP: 50.021	Same story here. The Geminiani obviously from 78's; probably the Corelli too, though hiss is low in it. Corelli is a good sound, even so.	The Geminiani is an interesting work, "soft," 4-mvt. style; but this is overblown playing; with piano. The Corelli, with proper solo group, has much more life. Good.
LOCATELLI: "TRAUER-SYMPHONIE"; CONCERTO GROSSO IN F MI. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 50-30	Excellent new tape recording, not surpassed anywhere. (Technically up to the London above, but a different quality—less fancy, more unassuming.)	Two appealingly romantic works, verging on the juicy but kept well within bounds in this playing. Excellent.
BACH ON THE ORGAN		
ERNEST WHITE PLAYS BACH. (Pastorale in F minor; Passacaglia & Fugue in C minor). Organ of St. Mary the Virgin, NYC. Mercury LP: MG 15032 (10")	An excellent recording of this well known semi-Baroque organ. Considerable resonance, at a distance; yet detail is clear. Intelligently colored registration comes through well.	White's playing is tense, tight-lipped, minus rubato and romance; but there is fine musicianship and technique beneath. His Passacaglia mounts a steely climax.
BACH: ORGAN TRIO-SONATAS #1 AND #4; #3 AND #6. Robert Noehren; Schlicker organ, Buffalo. (Others to follow.) Allegro LP: AL 66; AL 71 (10")	This one is a calliope close-up of highly colored Baroque-style stops; sharp, clear, with minimum liveness, excellent range. Interesting contrast to above.	Stop-wise a truer N. German Baroque sound than French-tinged White playing above. The eloquent 3-part works nicely done, with good, if violently contrasted registration.
BACH: ORGAN PRELUDES AND FUGUES. (A, C, A minor). Carl Weinrich. M-G-M LP: E 527 (10")	A poor LP dubbing, breaks unpatched, muffled in sound, uneven in pitch. Old 78's are better.	The old Musicraft album (80) again. Fine performance — but M-G-M could afford new recordings! —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

☐ You're Just In Love *and* It's A Lovely Day Today, Perry Como and the Fontane Sisters
☐ Once Upon A Time Today, Winterhalter
☐ The Ocarina, Freddy Martin
☐ The Best Thing For You *and* Marrying For Love, Perry Como
☐ If I Were A Bell, Mindy Carson
☐ I'll Know, Fran Warren
☐ I've Never Been In Love Before, Ralph Flanagan
☐ Sue Me, Don Cornell, Hugo Winterhalter
☐ Nobody's Chasin' Me *and* My Heart Cries For You, Dinah Shore
☐ Use Your Imagination *and* I Am Loved, Vaughn Monroe
☐ Be My Love *and* I'll Never Love You, Lanza
☐ It's Raining Sundrops, Ralph Flanagan

Up and down HIT street



☐ Tell Me Tonight *and* The Sea Of The Moon, Tony Martin
☐ They Say It's Wonderful, Allan Jones
☐ They Didn't Believe Me, Mario Lanza
☐ A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes *and* Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo, Perry Como
☐ Deep In My Heart, Dear, Allan Jones
☐ Oh, What A Beautiful Morning, John Charles Thomas, Orchestra and Chorus
☐ Ah, Sweet Mystery Of Life, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

ON
RCA VICTOR "45" SINGLE RECORDS
—for you to single out your own favorites!

☐ Thinking Of You, Eddie Fisher
☐ Some Enchanted Evening *and* Bali Ha'i, Como
☐ Bushel And A Peck, Perry Como and the Fontane Sisters
☐ You Love Me, Eddie Fisher, Winterhalter
☐ The Man I Love, Dorothy Kirsten
☐ Ol' Man River, Robert Merrill
☐ Make Believe, Allan Jones
☐ Love For Sale, David Rose Orchestra
☐ Lover, Come Back To Me, MacDonald
☐ Let's Take An Old Fashioned Walk, Como
☐ Begin The Beguine, Tony Martin
☐ The Touch Of Your Hand, Allan Jones

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THREE FOR THE MONEY

THERE is just no other way. If we are to take advantage of what they are calling "the outstanding travel event of a decade" we all might just as well head downtown and hock our minks. The Cunard Line is sending the RMS *Caronia* on a 32,000-mile, round-the-world trip leaving New York January 6 and Los Angeles January 18. She'll be back 111 days later. (If you miss the deadline in New York, you can always fly to Los Angeles.)

No doubt about it, the cruises are getting longer every season, and we bet we'll live to see the day when Cunard or some other bright boatmen will be advertising two- and three-year get-away-from-it-all cruises. Ideal for getting away from a nagging wife, nagging creditors, the nagging Department of Internal Revenue, or that nagging radioactivity. Don't give your grandson an annuity, give him a ten-year vacation at sea.

For those vulgar peasants who can spare only sixty-two days Cunard has an all-Mediterranean cruise aboard the *Britannic* sailing from New York on February 3 and visiting twenty-one ports. And anybody who is in a downright rush will have to find room aboard the maiden voyage of the S.S. *Independence*, the brand-new liner of American Export Lines which will depart February 10 for a meager fifty-three days of visiting three continents, four islands, thirteen countries, and twenty-two ports.

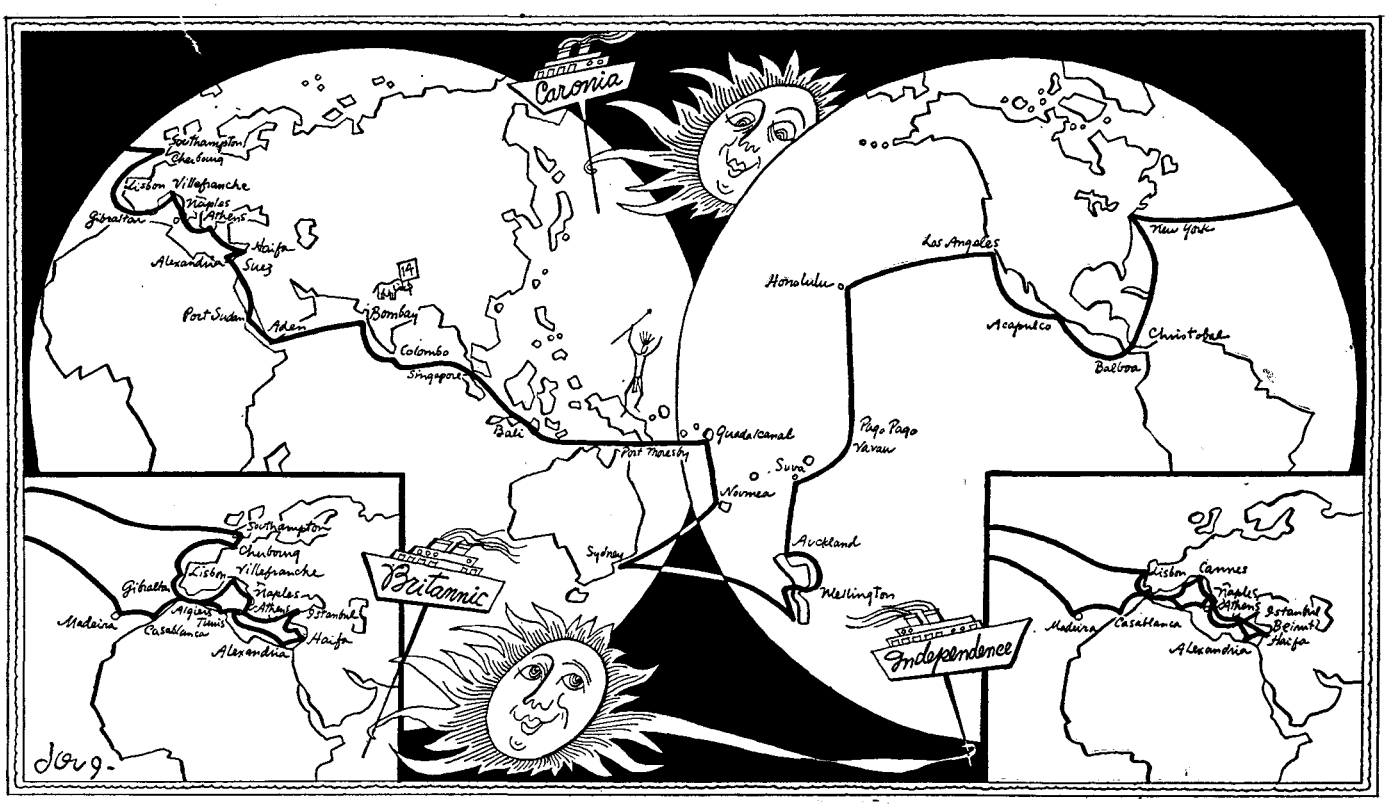
Cunard is promising that the *Caronia* will follow the sun and the high seasons while it steams round the world. It certainly won't fool with this North Atlantic climate for long; it will dip straight south from New York, tying up at Cristobal in Panama on January 10, crossing the Canal to Balboa, and moving up to Acapulco on the fourteenth. It might be well to mention that shore excursions are available to passengers at all the stops, on an optional basis, of course. There are thirty-two land trips and anybody signing up for all of them will find himself relieved of $780.

Well, that brings us to Hawaii, where the *Caronia* will rest for two days before receiving an aloha party at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Six days later we are in Pago Pago, which as any old rum soak knows is pronounced pango pango, thence on to that crossroads of the world Vavau in the Friendly Islands, and so to the Fiji Islands, where the passengers will be welcomed by no less a musical aggregation than the Fiji Military Band. From here the ship drops down to New Zealand and Australia. Anyone wishing to reach one of the passengers on February 6 or 7 may address him at the Maori village of Whakarewarewa.

Toward the end of February the *Caronia* will slip up to Noumea, to Guadalcanal, and Port Moresby in New Guinea, where the visitors will get a look at a native Cassawary dance. The best-looking male specimens are dressed in Hedda Hopper headgear made from bird of paradise. Any native who has killed a man may wear a Cassawary feather during the dance, but no new Cassawary feathers are expected to be added until the ship weighs anchor.

While March is undergoing the change from lion to lamb in the unglamorous hereabouts, the *Caronia* people will be barnstorming around India visiting the Taj Mahal and the deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri. Fourteen elephants have been lent to Cunard by the maharajah whose grandfather built the city. Back in Bombay the ship will sail for Arabia, Egypt, Israel, and Greece, moving on to the civilized elegance of Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri, Pompeii, with optional overland trips up to Rome, Florence, Genoa, and the Italian and French Riviera and meeting the ship at Villefranche. The cruise ends officially at Southampton, but anyone may bounce around Europe for a while and return on a later sailing.

ALL this can be yours, friends, for $3,500 and up. Up means up to Suite M-36 and 38 or M-39 and 41, any of which will be knocked down to some lucky couple for a piddling thirty



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thou, as they say along The Stem. The three g's and a half will get you a stateroom with a bed and a folding upper berth, and it is strictly understood that there shall be one paying customer for each of these berths. An outside room and bath with two beds will cost you $6,000 per sack.

Any piker who signs up for the *Britannic* will have a full week of shipboard life before the vessel puts into Madeira, its first port of call. Thereafter the passengers will nose around the murky depths of Casablanca, Algiers, and Tunis before crossing the Mediterranean up to Palermo, thence on to Alexandria for a side trip by car and camel to the Sphinx and the Pyramids, up to Israel, to the Isle of Rhodes, and a sail by daylight through the Dardanelles to Istanbul. Heading for home the *Britannic* skims the northern Mediterranean, putting in at Athens, Catania in Sicily (for trips up to Taormina or down to Syracuse), and Naples for excursions to Pompeii, Amalfi, and Sorrento. Like the *Caronia*, the *Britannic* will also beach its passengers for a promenade along the French Riviera during the height of the fashionable winter season. The home route lies by way of Lisbon, Estoril, and Sintra—a favorite roost for such historical figures as Lord Byron and Greta Garbo. The tab for all twenty shore excursions in this case comes to $325, but there are special extension tours that will take you farther, into places like Marrakech, Granada, Capri, and Tel Aviv. The minimum rate for the cruise itself is $1,500 per person in an inside cabin for two, with two beds but no bath or toilet. The best outside rooms with bath and toilet come to $4,600 per person, two in a room, and there are various grades and prices between.

The *Independence*, which makes its virgin voyage with the aforementioned fifty-three-day cruise, is said to be the last nautical word among this country's flag liners. Weighing in at 26,000 tons and carrying 1,000 passengers, the *Independence* is completely air-conditioned right down to the staterooms and will cruise at the equivalent of twenty-nine miles an hour. After this junket she will go into express service between New York, France, and Italy via the Mediterranean route.

For this particular trip the *Independence* will put in at Madeira, Casablanca, Cadiz, Malaga, Algiers, and then sail up to Sicily and the Neapolitan Riviera, with the usual Middle East stops in Greece, Israel, Lebanon, Egypt, and Turkey. Coming back she will veer up to the Italian and French Rivieras and then stop at Barcelona and Lisbon before returning home. Sleeping and eating for the fifty-three

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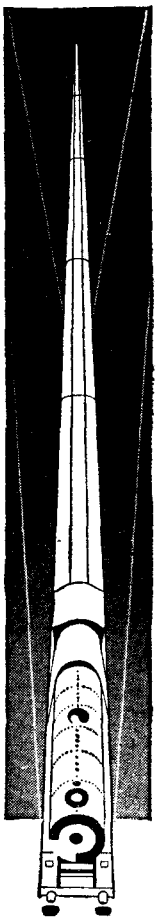
1951—FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN YEAR

BRITISH RAILWAYS



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days will run you between $1,500 and $15,000 depending upon where you prefer to sleep.

An advance notice from the pine-paneled publicity emporium of Benjamin Sonnenberg says that the *Independence* will be carrying, among other items, 207,114 gallons of water. Reminds us of the maiden postwar trip of the *Ile de France* when the French Line sent around word that the ship was sailing with 30,700 bottles of table wine, 6,500 bottles of champagne, and 4,600 gallons of wine for the crew. Water? *C'est pour laver*, no?

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

CALIFORNIA: A Complete Guide, by Andrew Hepburn and Harlan Logan. Simon & Schuster. $1. This second volume in the American Travel Series is, like the first on Florida, a clipped, abbreviated, predigested, supereffi-cient plan for invading California. Although it appears complicated on first glance you ought to get the hang soon. The state is divided into geographical areas, and each section then analyzed for points of interest, sights to see, and literary and historical fact. Hotels and restaurants, briefly described and priced, appear in a special section in the back of the book. There is an excellent section on the choosing and imbibing of California wines and enough sunny pictures to make you itchy.

FLORIDA'S GOLDEN SANDS, by Alfred Jackson Hanna and Kathryn Abbey Hanna. Bobbs-Merrill. $4. Despite its title and its gilded, palm-fringed jackets the Hannas' book is not at all a guide, but an informal social history of Florida's East Coast from Fernandina above Jacksonville all the way to Key West. Since most of the East Coast is playground anyway those who go South in winter will be interested to see how the palm strip got that way within the parenthesis of a lifetime. The carefully detailed and documented story is also the history of Flagler and of Carl Fisher, who both had so much to do with Miami. It recalls in passing that St. Augustine was once said to live on "sweet taters and sick Yankees," that the chef at Bradley's Beach Club in Palm Beach was once worth $25,000 a year, and that a famous rum-runner was once shot dead on the dock of the Fleetwood Hotel in the height of the tourist season. And since the state is so close to Cuba the book mixes as liberally as did Florida in the affairs of the Cuban liberation.

—H. S..

"THE PORTABLE Coleridge" (Viking Press, $2.50), edited by I. A. Richards, brings together representative selections from the writings of a poet-critic-philosopher whose work is an enduring demonstration of the truth of his belief, in agreement with Bacon's, that ideas have "an endless power of semination." That the selections have been made, arranged, and introduced by one of the most famous of living critics makes the volume doubly interesting. Mr. Richard gives us sixteen of the twenty-four chapters of "Biographia Literaria," thirty-five revelatory letters, thirty-odd pages of criticism, some specimens of Coleridge's theological-metaphysical writings—including the important essays "On Method" —two political papers, passages from "Anima Poetae" and "Table Talk," the three poems that everyone knows, and many other poems that have been largely neglected. In his introduction the editor sketches Coleridge's troubled life, defends him against the traditional charge of idleness, touches on the development of his political and religious ideas, points to the virtues of the little-read poems, explains briefly something of the frame of theory within which Coleridge tried to work, and honors him as a critic who sought authority "alike for his all-encompassing philosophical position and for his most local act of critical choice." If there is any fault in this introduction it is that it might lead an uninformed reader to believe that Coleridge as a systematic metaphysician came closer to his goal than he really did. But his attempt to establish general principles was heroic and, as he himself might have worded it, irremissive.

Additions to the invaluable Modern Library list include William Faulkner's "Light in August," Richardson's "Clarissa" (abridged by John Angus Burrell), Kipling's "Kim," Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua" ($1.25 each), and two Giants—Saint Augustine's "The City of God," with an introduction by Thomas Merton, and "Selected Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson." edited by Saxe Commins ($2.45 each). Richard H. Rovere introducing the Faulkner novel calls it "a modern classic," and many of the Nobel Prize winner's most fervent admirers consider it his best book. Mr. Burrell has cut Richardson's interminable tale skilfully and extensively, but still I wonder how many readers who meet Clarissa for the first time in 1950 will find her an engaging character. And how is it that she is billed on the jacket, with no regard to a girl named Pamela, as "the first and one of the most famous heroines of the English novel"? Newman's "Apologia," now helpfully introduced by Anton C. Pegis, is of course a self-sufficient classic; but the reader who would hear both sides of the famous controversy that produced it should turn back to "Newman's Apologia pro Vita Sua, The Two Versions of 1864 & 1865, Preceded by Newman's and Kingsley's Pamphlets," published by Oxford in 1913 and reprinted in 1931. Thomas Merton does the average reader a service by warning him that Augustine's monumental work of theological history is not for those who like their reading to be easy. Mr. Commins gives a full measure of Stevenson in all his literary forms.

I am glad to see that Charles Norman's "The Muses' Darling: Christopher Marlowe"—which I greatly enjoyed, admired, and praised on its first appearance in 1946—has been restored to print by Bell Publishing Company ($3.50). Another fine study of another poet is Dorothy Hewlett's "A Life of John Keats," first published as "Adonais" in 1938 and now reissued, revised and enlarged, by Barnes & Noble ($5). The reader who does not go straight from this biography to the most complete available edition of Keats's letters will have to resist strong temptation.

Six new titles have been added to the attractively printed, trimly bound Harbrace Modern Classics (Harcourt, Brace, $1.75 each), welcomed in these columns when the first eighteen titles were published last year. The six are Lewis's "Main Street"; William Seabrook's "Asylum," a good pioneer work in a field that has been much cultivated of late; Saroyan's story of childhood, "My Name Is Aram"; James Gould Cozzens's "The Just and the Unjust," a novel of murder and democratic justice; Ellen Glasgow's "Vein of Iron," one of her best; and Dorothy Sayers's most famous mystery yarn, "The Nine Tailors."

Notable additions to the Signet Double volumes (50¢ each) are Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions" and Willard Motley's "Knock on Any Door."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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(Continued from page 13)

by chance. The words have been displayed because in them Day has expressed the spirit behind the Cokesbury Bookstore, the spirit which a visitor can feel when he comes through its doors:

THE WORLD OF BOOKS
is the most remarkable creation of man,
Nothing else he builds lasts.
Monuments fall,
Nations perish,
Civilizations grow old and die out
And after an era of darkness
New races build others.
But in the world of books are volumes
That have seen this happen again and again
And yet live on
Still young,
Still as fresh as the day they were written,
Still telling men's hearts
Of the hearts of men centuries dead.

In wretched and almost startling contrast to this splendid institution for the sale of books is the plight of the Dallas Public Library, not a stone's throw away. The building is two stories, 90 x 115 feet with 25,800 square feet of floor space. It is easy to be accurate on these dimensions because the building, which was opened in 1901 to serve a population of 50,000, is half a century later unchanged and untouched by major improvements. It serves as the main library for a city of almost half a million people, with the aid of only half a dozen small branches established in the suburbs. As a result of its inadequacy books and magazines and newspapers which it has acquired so lack space to make them properly available that they have been stored in the employees' toilet on the second floor, lined around the staircases, and stacked in the furnace room with some of them sent out to the branches.

The feeling for books has been stimulated through the whole community by the newspapers, whose support of them has come a long way from the day some years ago when Carl Sandburg blasted Dallas newspapers as having the worst literary departments of any town in the United States (an assertion which even at the time would have been difficult to prove). Perhaps his stinging words had a good effect, for today and for many years past each newspaper has offered a weekly book page which in cosmopolitan fashion presents reviews and comment on the passing parade of new titles. On occasion the single page is expanded into a full section. Lon Tinkle has succeeded to the editorship of the *Dallas News* book page, long conducted with scholarly standards by John H. McGinnis, and Kenneth Rockwell is book editor of the *Times Herald*.

More and more publishers are giving practical recognition to Dallas as a book center. Editors in search of new writers appear in a steady stream from most of the great publishing houses, and when a book is published which is associated with the Southwest in some special fashion it has become a usual thing to launch it in Dallas with fanfare and parties.

While there is no self-conscious literary group in the town, the number of persons who have published and are publishing books of quality is respectably high. Perhaps the most distinguished figure among them until his death in 1948 was also the most distinctively Texas author of his time, for it was John A. Lomax who introduced the world of literature to songs of the cowboy and who was recognized throughout the world for his tremendous contribution in collecting and publishing ballads and folk songs of both the Negro and the white races.

John William Rogers, formerly book editor of the Chicago Daily News, *is a Dallas institution. This article is from "The Lusty Texans of Dallas," to be published by Dutton January 22.*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "A Bell for Adano," by John Hersey (Novel, 1945); 2. "The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck (Novel, 1940); 3. "Western Star," by Stephen Vincent Benét (Poetry, 1944); 4. "Annie Allen," by Gwendolyn Brooks (Poetry, 1950); 5. "Lord Weary's Castle," by Robert Lowell (Poetry, 1947); 6. "The Skin of Our Teeth," by Thornton Wilder (Play, 1943); 7. "Harvey," by Mary Chase (Play, 1945); 8. "Guard of Honor," by James Gould Cozzens (Novel, 1949); 9. "V-Letter," by Karl Shapiro (Poetry, 1945); 10. "Journey in the Dark," by Martin Flavin (Novel, 1944); 11. "The Time of Your Life," by William Saroyan (Play, 1940); 12. "Death of a Salesman," by Arthur Miller (Play, 1949); 13. "Dragon's Teeth," by Upton Sinclair (Novel, 1943); 14. "A Streetcar Named Desire," by Tennessee Williams (Play, 1948); 15. "The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Novel, 1950); 16. "The Age of Anxiety," by W. H. Auden (Poetry, 1948); 17. "In This Our Life," by Ellen Glasgow (Novel, 1942); 18. "All the King's Men," by Robert Penn Warren (Novel, 1947); 19. "A Witness Tree," by Robert Frost (Poetry, 1943); 20. "There Shall Be No Night," by Robert Sherwood (Play, 1941).

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Continued on page 42

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Continued from page 41

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AN INTELLIGENT, sometimes sensitive young man wishes to correspond with a great and gentle woman. Box 468-E.

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BAD MALE DANCER seeks pointers on becoming perfect. Box 464-E.

YOUNG GAG WRITER invites correspondence from hens or cooks. Box 442-E.

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WANTED: AMERICAN WRITER, perfect knowledge of French to translate important book of foremost politician. Send details to: Box 562-E.

"SERVICED" STUDENT, skeptically looking for Truth-morality through mamoiselle, will answer dubious all. Box 543-E.

VIVID MALE PEN, executive, exchange ideas with liberal females. Intelligence acceptable, not required. Box 544-E.

DON'T JUST WISH for a Happy New Year. Write this female brimful of good cheer. Box 545-E.

GUY, with a sloop, wants companion for Caribbean cruise. Box 546-E.

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PERSONAL

WRITER desires inspiring correspondent. Introverted emotional lady. Box 548-E.

YOUNG RADIO ENGINEER will correspond with refined, sincere, young woman. Box 549-E.

YOUNG BUSINESS MAN, educated, cultured, wide interests, invites A-Bomb diverting correspondence from youngish, sincere, congenial feminine miss, maturely liberal in outlook, minimally of average intellectual, cultural, personal interest and interests. Box 550-E.

ADVENTUROUS FEMALE seeks another with enough cash and curiosity to travel Europe this spring. Box 551-E.

COLLECTOR APPRECIATES PICTURE postcards from anybody anywhere. Box 552-E.

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MATURE GENTLEMAN, writer-philosopher, knows there is distaff who would enjoy his letters. Wanna' swap? Box 554-E.

CAN FAMILY (4) find furnished apartment or house within commuting distance NYC, via Grand Central? Box 555-E.

IDEALISTIC, CULTURED WOMAN, accustomed to atmosphere of beauty and refinement, completely disillusioned, desires correspondence with honorable gentleman in late middle life. Box 556-E.

MAN, world traveler, desirous of correspondence with women, Europeans preferred. Box 557-E.

A YOUNG, SHREWD, speculative college mathematics student needs female inspiration for life and work. Box 558-E.

SINCERE, successful, young industrialist invites correspondence from charming, young lady with college degree, wide interests. Box 559-E.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position, lady's companion, useful, versatile, drives. Box 560-E.

INTERESTING BUSINESS GAL, in new location, seeks stimulating male correspondence. Box 563-E.

MULTILINGUAL CALIFORNIAN with NYC headquarters, experienced as English prose writer, tutor, translator, Arabist and admirable Crichton, seeks assignment that will draw upon these abilities. Box 564-E.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 876

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

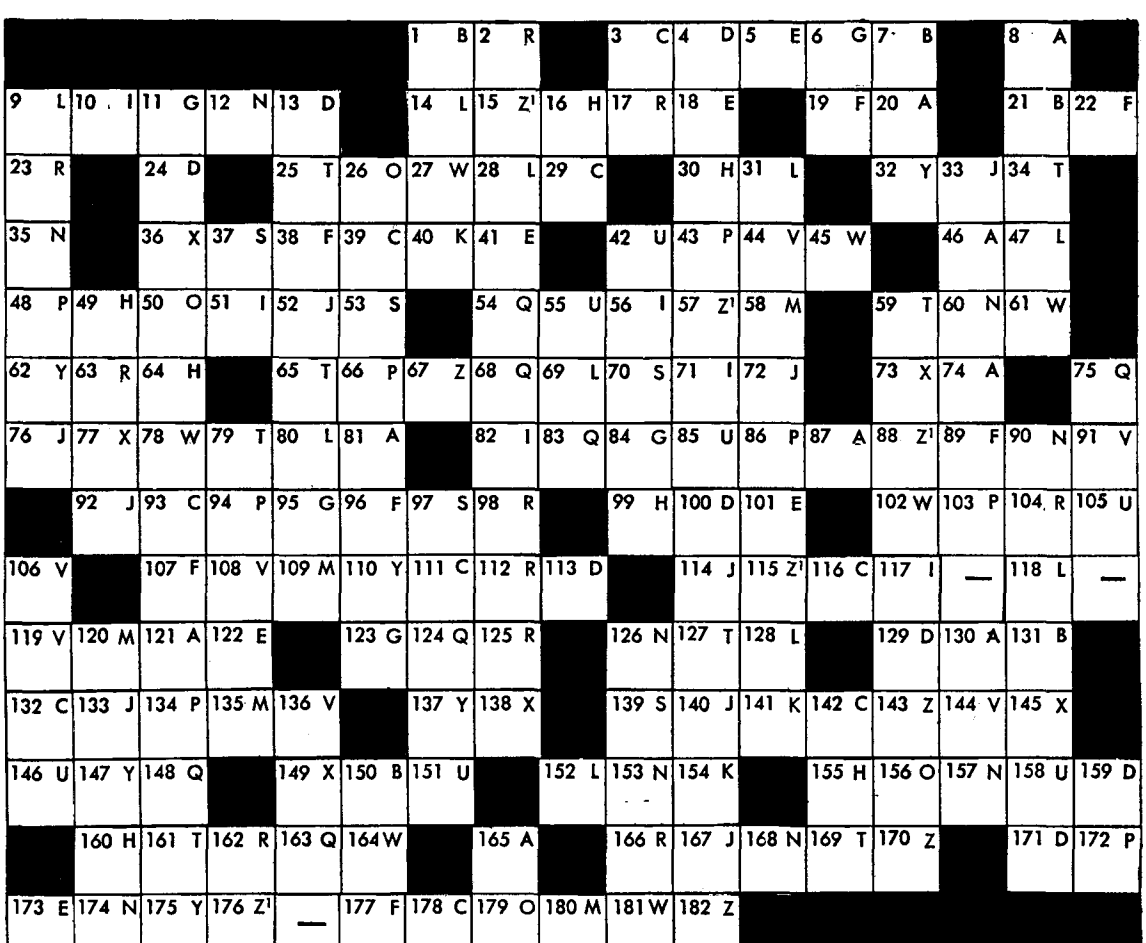
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. ...ıd, Alexander Archipelago, Sᴇ Alaska.	121 130 165 87 46 8 81 20 74
B. American portrait painter (1869- ; Root, Chief Justice Taft, etc.).	1 21 7 131 150
C. An indulged inclination.	132 29 39 93 116 3 111 178 142
D. The yellow toadflax, or butter-and-eggs.	159 24 100 171 129 13 4 113
E. To tell fortunes (Gypsy; with "to").	101 173 5 122 18 41
F. Greek architect, fifth cent. B.C., chief designer of Parthenon.	96 107 19 89 38 22 177
G. A ditch or moat (archeol.).	123 11 95 84 6
H. Dutch painter, founder of the Haarlem school (fl. c. 1430-60).	155 16 160 99 30 64 49
I. Jauntily careless; sporty.	56 51 117 82 71 10
J. Becomes reconciled (3 wds.).	52 76 92 33 72 140 167 133 114
K. Notwithstanding that.	154 40 141
L. Early name of Australia.	69 47 9 14 31 128 28 118 80 152
M. To ground (elec. & radio).	180 120 109 135 58
N. Pertaining to wisdom or learning.	174 153 60 12 126 157 35 168 90
O. Word corresponding to Hebrew "Sheol."	26 50 179 156

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Evinced impassioned emotion (colloq.).	86 134 172 43 66 94 103 48
Q. *Mayflower* passenger, Dec. 1620, several times governor of Plymouth Colony.	54 68 83 148 163 124 75
R. Like a French girl of the working class, with lively and free manners.	98 125 162 166 112 2 23 104 17 63
S. River, and lake into which it flows, in E. California.	37 139 70 97 53
T. English actress and author (1753-1821; esp. "A Simple Story" and "Nature and Art").	79 169 25 161 65 59 127 34
U. Seat of artists' colony on Delaware River, not far from Philadelphia, est. 1900.	105 151 42 146 55 85 158
V. People who indulge in empty talk (slang).	91 108 136 119 44 106 144
W. Group of islands in Long Island Sound off Connecticut.	45 78 27 181 102 61 164
X. City, S. central Michigan, trade center.	73 36 138 77 145 149
Y. Vienna-born American sculptor of four figures on front of Metropolitan Museum, New York.	32 175 62 137 147 110
Z. Terminates.	143 182 170 67
Z¹. To match; duplicate (colloq.).	176 115 57 88 15

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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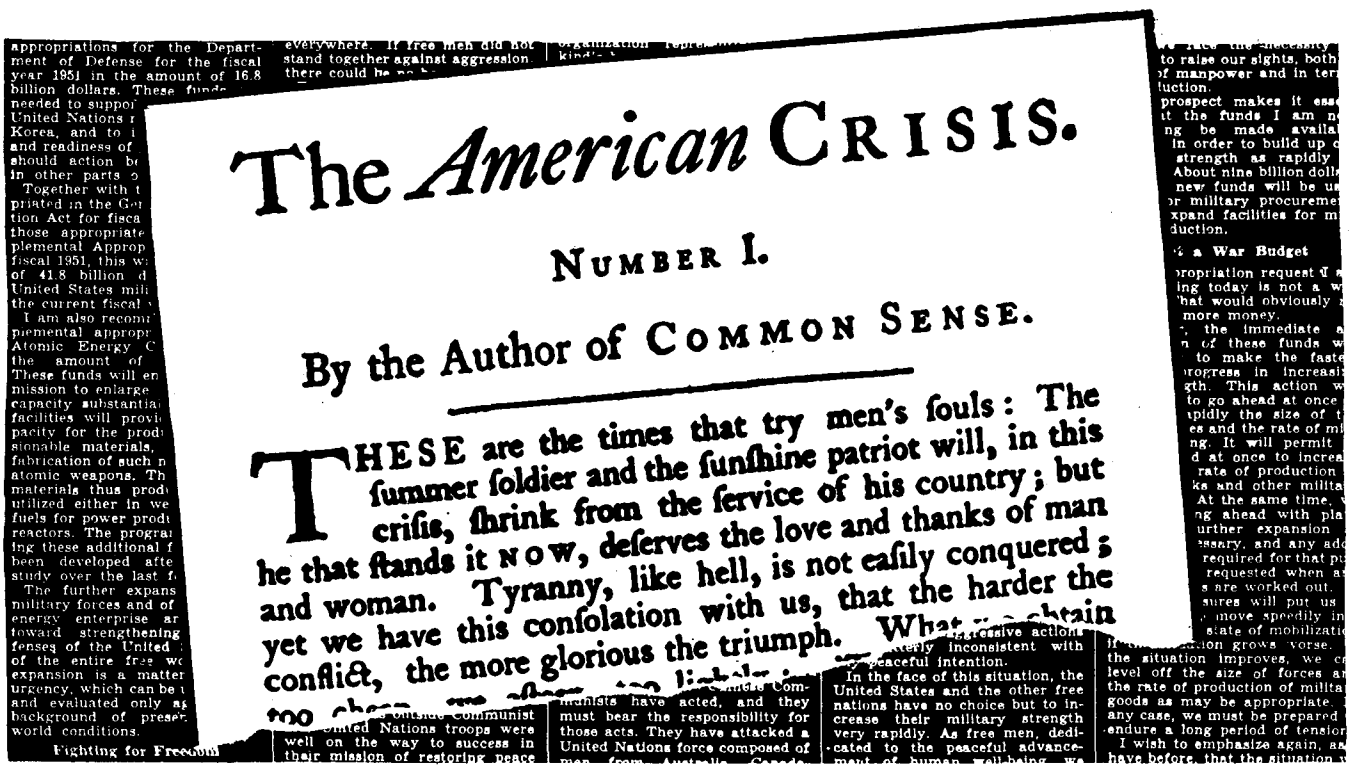

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NUMBER I.

By the Author of COMMON SENSE.

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